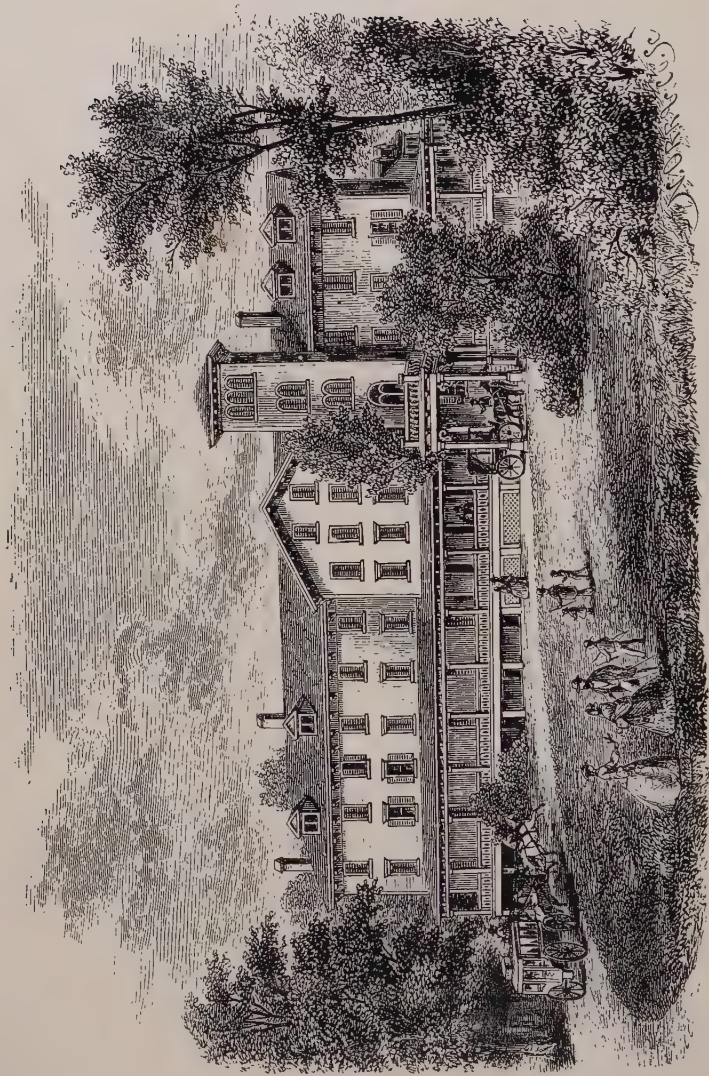


The
GOLDEN ERA
of
TRENTON FALLS

THE GOLDEN ERA OF TRENTON FALLS



MOORE'S HOTEL, TRENTON FALLS, 1862

THE GOLDEN ERA OF TRENTON FALLS

By Charlotte A. Pitcher

"Still in our ears the music of thy river
Sings on, with melody that shall not cease;
Thy memory in our hearts shall dwell forever
Like a deep dream of peace."



UTICA, N. Y.
1915

COPYRIGHT JUNE 4, 1915

BY

CHARLOTTE A. PITCHER

Fierstine Printing House
Utica, N. Y.
1915

DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER

FOREWORD

THE true historic spirit has its inception and inspiration in the study of one's local environment. This is the logical stepping-stone to research in wider fields. From a patriotic and civic standpoint, surely, the study of history should begin at home. Familiarity with one's own is of prime importance, and it is a matter for general congratulation that the historical and literary associations of so many sections of our country are to-day being recorded and preserved in such attractive form. Our noble hills, our lovely valleys, our streams of living water, seem fairly to speak through the written page of some faithful and enthusiastic devotee of local history.

In recalling the palmy days of Trenton Falls, that "golden era" when their wondrous beauty attracted thousands of visitors from all parts of the United States and a constant procession of European travelers, what vivid pictures of the early days have been revealed! Perhaps we are most impressed with the marvelous changes wrought in modes of transportation since the visitors to Trenton and Niagara accomplished the long journey from Albany to Buffalo by coach or packet boat. We cannot fail to observe that the leisurely, good old-fashioned ways of traveling, made it possible to enjoy and appreciate the landscape to a degree unknown in this twentieth century epoch of

speed. Incidentally these chronicles of Trenton have acquired increased value and charm through the many glimpses given of life in the olden days. Withal, the changes brought about in our own home city by Time's magic fingers are forcibly called to our attention.

Surely, it has been worth while to revive and preserve the record of Trenton's unique history, and may the contents of this volume recall exquisite memory pictures in the hearts of those with whom Trenton Falls was a favorite resort.

C. A. P.

WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS

Come down! from where the everlasting hills
Open their rocky gates to let thee pass,
Child of a thousand rapid running rills,
And still lakes, where the skies their beauty glass.

With thy dark eyes, white feet, and amber hair,
Of heaven and earth thou fair and fearful daughter,
Through thy wide halls, and down thy echoing stair,
Rejoicing come—thou lovely “Leaping Water!”

Shout! till the woods beneath their vaults of green
Resound, and shake their pillars on thy way;
Fling wide thy glittering fringe of silver sheen,
And toss towards heaven thy clouds of dazzling spray.

The sun looks down upon thee with delight,
And weaves his prism around thee for a belt;
And as the wind waves thy thin robes of light,
The jewels of thy girdle glow and melt.

Ah! where be they, who first with human eyes
Beheld thy glory, thou triumphant flood!
And through the forest, heard with glad surprise,
Thy waters calling, like the voice of God!

Far towards the setting sun, wandering they go,
Poor remnant! left, from exile and from slaughter,
But still their memory, mingling with thy flow,
Lives in thy name—thou lovely, “Leaping Water.”

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THE GOLDEN ERA OF TRENTON FALLS

LONG ago, before the city of Utica had won for itself the name and fame it now enjoys, there was a magnet in the vicinity which attracted strangers to its very doors. "Stopped off at Utica to visit Trenton Falls," may be found recorded over and over again by celebrated writers and tourists. It has been a labor of love to garner the praises of Trenton. "Voices of the Glen," this symposium, this treasure-trove of literary gems may well be called.

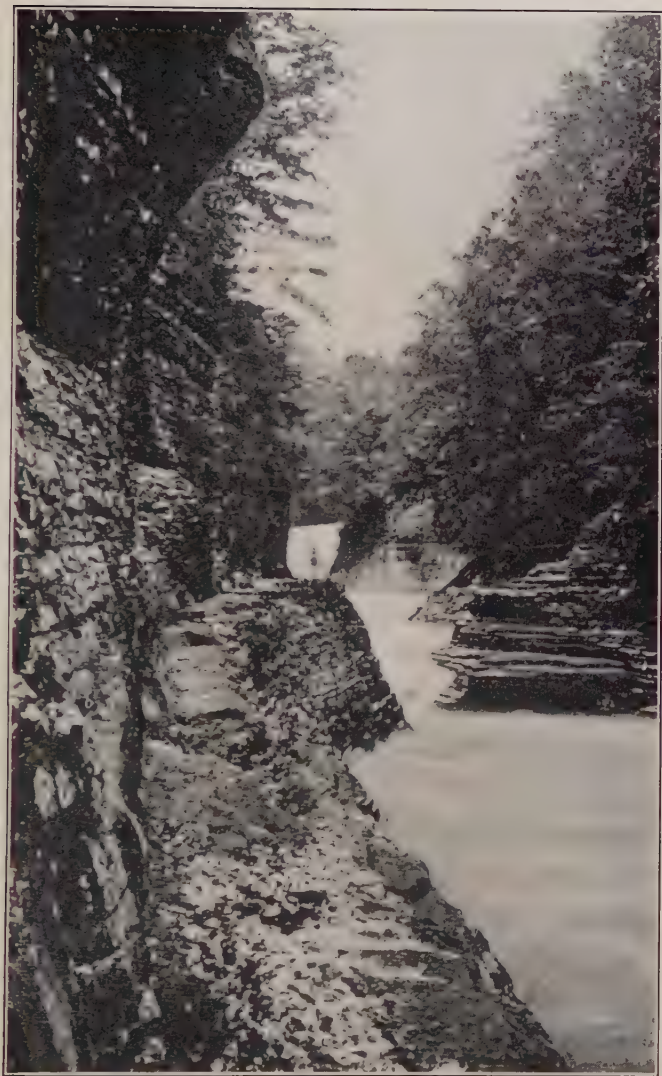
The tide of travel, enroute to the Adirondacks or the Thousand Islands, now sweeps by this one-time much frequented resort. In the light of its palmiest days, Trenton Falls is only a memory; but it is most entertaining and delightful to recall its golden age through the writings of the many distinguished visitors who clambered through the glen and gave to the world their impressions of its matchless beauty. I have, therefore, woven a chaplet of glowing tributes to one of Nature's loveliest shrines, for the fame of Trenton was world-wide. Once every traveler of note sought out this attractive spot in the heart of the Empire State. Its varied charms brought all enthusiastic tourists of the early days to Utica, the gateway from Trenton the Beautiful.

One Robert Hamilton, writing in 1842 in "The Ladies' Companion," a periodical devoted "to every de-

partment of literature," says: "In the vicinity of Utica are the romantic falls of Trenton, which of late years have become the rage. This is not to be wondered at, for more beautiful scenery cannot be found in our continent. The road to the spot is through a country of extreme fertility, where some of the finest farms of the Union are to be found, hewn out within a few years from the primeval forest. Countless acres are still standing in the pride of their strength and beauty, where the remnants of the once proud and mighty race of the Oneidas linger around the desolated homes of their fathers."

JOHN SHERMAN

In the year 1805 the Reverend John Sherman of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale and grandson of Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration of Independence, took the long journey to central New York to visit Francis Adrian Van der Kemp and Col. Adam G. Mappa, distinguished Dutch patriots who had settled at Olden Barneveld (Trenton village), in the wilderness of Oneida County. An ardent lover of nature, the young clergyman explored the wild and beautiful region about him, penetrating the unbroken forest until he reached the brink of Kauyahoorra (the Indian descriptive name for the falls, meaning "leaping water.") Mr. Sherman was captivated with the wonders of the ravine of the West Canada Creek, Kanata or Amber river, and through his instrumentality the pub-



THE NARROWS AT FOOT OF STAIRCASE, WITH GLIMPSE OF
SHERMAN FALL

lic came to know of its remarkable series of cascades.

In 1806 he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Church of Olden Barneveld, the first of this denomination in the state of New York. At the close of his ministry, he established an Academy near the village which he successfully conducted for many years.

Mr. Sherman's fascination for the beautiful falls in the neighborhood, led him to purchase sixty acres of land of the Holland Land Company in 1822, which included the Sherman or First Fall. He then erected a small building near the ravine for the temporary accommodation of visitors, naming it the "Rural Resort." The following year he brought his family to this sylvan retreat, which thereafter became their permanent home. The first guests who slept in the house were Philip Hone and Dominick Lynch of New York, who came to Trenton in 1824 and wished to remain over night. When Mr. Hone inquired of Mr. Sherman why he did not erect a building of sufficient size to entertain guests, he received this reply: "Did you ever know a clergyman who had any money?" Whereupon Mr. Hone offered his host the loan of five thousand dollars and the house was enlarged. Thus this popular resort was first established through the generous act of that philanthropic, public-spirited citizen, who was mayor of New York in 1826, the great social leader of the metropolis in the first half of the last century, who entertained every foreigner of note, and every prominent American.

In 1827 the Reverend John Sherman wrote a most

complete and picturesque description of the falls, from which I take the following:

“This superb scenery of Nature, to which thousands now annually resort—a scenery altogether unique in its character, as combining at once the beautiful, the romantic and the magnificent—all that variety of rocky chasms, cataracts, cascades, rapids, elsewhere separately exhibited in different regions—was, until within five years, not accessible without extreme peril and toil, and therefore not generally known. It is in latitude $43^{\circ} 23'$; fourteen miles north of the flourishing city of Utica, the great thoroughfare of this region, situated on a gentle ascent from the bank of the Mohawk, amidst a charming and most fertile country. Here every facility can be had for a ride to Trenton Falls, where a house of entertainment is erected near the bank of the West Canada Creek, for the accommodation of visitors, and where they can tarry any length of time which may suit their convenience.

“This creek is the main branch of the Mohawk River, as the Missouri is of the Mississippi, having lost its proper name because not so early explored. It interlocks on the summit level with the Black River, the distance being only three-fourths of a mile where the waters of the one may be easily turned into the other. It has chosen its course along the highlands, making its way on the backbone of the country, and empties into the Mohawk at Herkimer.

“The ‘Rural Resort,’ or house of entertainment at the Falls, which is at the end of the road and inclosed

on three sides by the native forest, opens suddenly to view upon elevated ground, at the distance of a mile in a direct line of the road. From the dooryard you step at once into the forest, and walking only twenty rods, strike the bank at the place of descent. This is about one hundred feet of nearly perpendicular rock made easy and safe by five pair of stairs with railings. You land on a broad pavement level with the water's edge, a furious rapid being in front, that has cut down the rock still deeper and which, at one place in times of drought, does not exceed ten feet in width; but in spring and fall floods, or after heavy rain, becomes a tremendously foaming torrent, rising from fifteen to twenty feet and sweeping the lowest flight of stairs. Being now on the pavement, the river at your feet, perpendicular walls of solid rock on each side, and the narrow zone of ethereal sky far overhead, your feelings are at once excited. You have passed to a subterranean world. The first impression is astonishment at the change. But recovering instantly, your attention is forthwith attracted to the magnificence, the grandeur, the beauty and sublimity of the scene. You stand and pause. You behold the operations of incalculable ages. You are thrown back to antediluvian times. The adamantine rock has yielded to the flowing water which has formed the wonderful chasm. You tread on petrifications, or fossil organic remains, imbedded in the four-hundredth stratum, which preserve the form, and occupy the place, of beings once animated like yourselves, each stratum having been the deposit

of a supervening flood that happened successively, Eternity alone knows when.

“At this station is a view of the outlet of the chasm, forty-five rods below, and also of what is styled the first fall, thirty-seven rods up the stream. The parapet of this fall, visible from the foot of the stairs is, in dry time, a naked perpendicular rock thirty-three feet high, apparently extending quite across the chasm, the water retiring to the left and being hid from the eye by intervening prominences. But in freshets, or after heavy rains, it pours over from the one side of the chasm to the other in a proud amber sheet. A pathway to this has been blasted at a considerable expense, under an overhanging rock and around an extensive projection, directly beneath which rages and roars a most violent rapid. Here some, unaccustomed to such bold scenery, have been intimidated, and a few have turned back. But the passage is level, with a rocky wall to lean against, and rendered perfectly safe at the turn of the projection by chains well riveted in the side.

“In the midway of this projection five tons were thrown off by a fortunate blast, affording a perfectly level and broad space, where fifteen or twenty may stand together and take a commanding view of the whole scenery. A little to the left the rapid commences its wild career. Directly underneath it rages, foams and roars, driving with resistless fury, and forcing a tortuous passage into the expanded stream on the right. In front is a projection from the other side,

curved to a concavity of a semi-circle by the impetuous waters. The top of this opponent projection has been swept away and is entirely flat, exhibiting, from its surface downwards, the separate strata as regular, as distinct, and as horizontal as the mason-work in the locks of the grand canal. Here, in old time, was a lofty fall, now reduced to the rapid just described.

“Passing hence on a level of twenty feet above the stream, we witness the amazing power of the waters in the spring and autumnal freshets. Massive slabs of rock lie piled in the middle of the river, thrown over the falls above, weighing from ten to twenty tons. These are occasionally swept on through the rapids, and floated over the five-foot falls at the outlet of the chasm. Such is their momentum that every bound upon the bottom causes a vibration at the ‘Rural Resort,’ and their stifled thunder, amid the agitated roar of the waters, is sometimes very distinctly heard.

“A few rods above this pile of rocks we pass to the left and suddenly come in full view of the descending cataract, which is known as the Sherman Fall. It has formed an immense excavation, having thrown out thousands of tons from the parapet rock visible from the stairs, and is annually forcing off slabs from the west corner, against which it incessantly pours a section of its powerful sheet.

“It is difficult to give a description of the scenery here. A mass of naked rock extending up one hundred and fifty feet to the summit of the bank, juts forward with threatening aspect. The visitor ascends by nat-

ural steps to the throat of its yawning and, like a son of Hercules, literally shoulders the mountain above. Here he stands free from the spray in a direct line of the parapet wall, surveying at leisure the evergreens which cover in contrast the opponent bank with a rich foliage of the deepest verdure, and immediately at his feet the operation of the cataract rushing down into the spacious excavation it has formed. Back of this thick amber sheet, the reaction of the water has worn away the rock to an exact circular curve, eight or ten feet in diameter, which exhibits a furiously boiling cauldron of the very whitest foam. In the bosom of the excavation a Fairy makes her appearance at a certain hour of sunshine, and dances through the mist, modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties. A few rods beyond this spot a thin shelf puts out from the mountain, under which it never rains, nor snows, nor shines. In front the river hastens smoothly and rapidly to the fall below.

“Leaving this rocky shelf we pass a furious winding rapid which, encroaching on the path, drives the visitor close under a low projecting cliff that compels him to stoop, and seems to demand homage as a prerequisite of admission to the splendid scenery just beyond. Here all ages and sexes bow, who would pass from the portico into the grand temple of Nature’s magnificence, to witness the display of her sublimer glories.

“This service performed, there opens upon us, when the water is low, an expansion of flat rock, where we

are suddenly transported with a full view of the High Falls. The eye, elevated at a considerable angle, beholds a perpendicular rock one hundred feet high, extending across the opening in a diagonal line from the mountainous walls on each side rising seventy or eighty feet still higher. Over this the whole river descends, first perpendicularly about forty feet, the main body rushing to the left. On the right it pours down in a beautiful white sheet. For a short distance in the middle the rock is left entirely naked, exhibiting a perpendicular and bold breastwork, as though reared by art to divide the beautiful white sheet on the one side from the overwhelming fury of the waters on the other. They unite on a flat below; then, with a tumultuous foam, veer suddenly down an inclination of rocky steps, whence the whole river is precipitated into a wide, deep and dark basin forty feet underneath—mountainous walls rising on each side of the stream nearly two hundred feet—tall hemlocks and bending cedars extending their branches on the verge above—small shrubbery variegating here and there their stupendous and naked sides. On the right of the basin a charming verdure entirely overspreads a smoothly rounding and majestic prominence, which reaches half way up the towering summit, and over the whole, the sky mingles with retiring evergreens, until verging in perspective to the distant angle of incidence, they are lost in the ethereal expanse beyond.

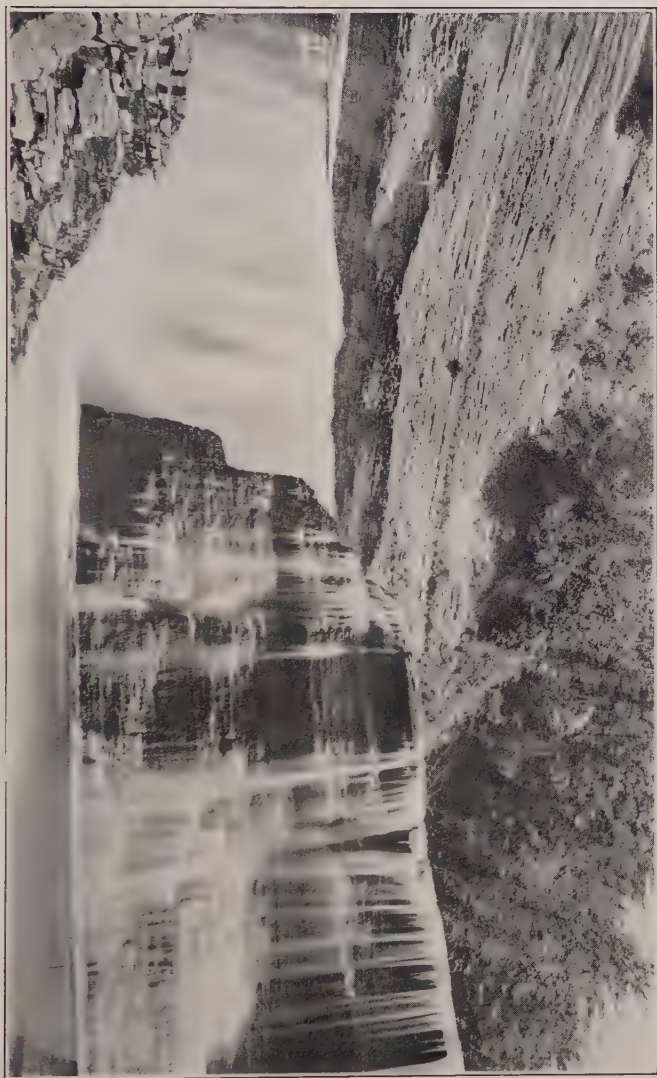
“Such are the High Falls which the pen may faintly describe, and of which the pencil may portray the out-

line, but Nature reserves to herself the prerogative of giving the rapturous impression.

“The view of these falls varies exceedingly, according to the plentitude or paucity of the waters. In the autumnal floods, and particularly the spring freshets, arising from the sudden liquefaction of snow in the northern country, the river is swelled a hundred-fold, and comes rushing in a vast body of tumultuous foam from the summit rock into the broad basin at the bottom. * * * *

“Passing up at the side we mount a grand level on the top, where in dry times the stream retires to the right, and opens a wide pavement for a large party to walk abreast. Here a flight of stairs leads up to a house of refreshment, styled the ‘Rural Retreat,’ twenty feet above the summit of the High Falls and in a direct line with them. * * * * Here the philosopher and divine may make their sage remarks and draw their grave conclusions; the weary rest from their labors, and the hungry and dry recruit their exhausted spirits, the sociable of all grades and nations converse freely and unknown together; the facetious display the coruscations of their wit, and the cheerful in disposition enjoy the innocent glee of hilarity. Greece, embellished by immortal bards, cannot boast a spot so highly romantic.

“The opening of the chasm now becomes considerably enlarged, and a new style of scenery commences. Forty rods beyond this is what is usually denominated the ‘Mill-Dam’ Fall, fourteen feet high, stretching its



SHERMAN FALL

broad sheet of water from the one side to the other of the expanded chasm. This is also visible through the branches of evergreens at the 'Rural Retreat.' Ascending this fall we are introduced to another still more expanded and extended platform of level rock lined on each side with cedars, which extend down to the walking level, whose branches all crowd forward under their bending trunks, and whose backs are as naked as the towering rocky walls, concealed in contrast a rod or two behind them.

"This place may be justly denominated the 'Alhambra of Nature.' At the extremity of it is one of the most interesting scenes imaginable; a scene that no pen can describe to one who is not on the spot, and where every landscape painter always drops his pencil. It is far too much for art to imitate, or for eloquence to represent. It is the prerogative of Nature alone to do this; she has done it once, and stands without a rival competitor. Here I ought to drop my pen. A naked rock, sixty feet high, reaches gradually forward from the mid-distance its shelving top, from which descends a perpetual rill that forms a natural shower-bath. On the very verge of its overhanging summit stands a tall cedar, whose fingered apex towers aloft, pointing up to the skies, and whose thick branches elongating gradually towards the root, reach far down the projecting cliff with an impenetrable shade of deepest verdure. On the left is a most wild cascade, where the water rushes over the variously posited strata in all directions, combining the gentle fall and the out-

rageous cataract, which we term the 'Cascade of the Alhambra.'

"Here the expansive opening suddenly contracts and leaves a narrow aperture, through which the eye beholds mountainous walls retiring in various curvatures and projections. Directly opposite the spectator is a large perpendicular rock on the other side of the stream, at whose base the raging waters become still. Annexed to this is a lofty tower, rising in a vast column at its side, commanding with imposing majesty the scenery around. At your feet is a dark basin of water forty feet deep, resting from its labors in the wild cascade above, and relieved by collections of whitest foam, which frequently assemble within an eddy at the upper end, and dance to each other in fantastic forms and, capped like caliphs, pursue the course of all hands round in an eternal circle. On the right the whole river descends gently down a charming plain, until lost amidst evergreens as it passes over the falls below.

"Ascending this cascade whose thwarting, raging, foaming, dashing waters would seem to forbid a passage at its side, you are introduced to a grand amphitheatre unseen before, where is a towering rock of threatening majesty with a singular supporting column, from whose impending cliff have fallen enormous slabs of strata, sixteen or eighteen inches thick. Between this deposited pile and the base it would seem temerity to pass, lest you should be instantly crushed. This danger may be avoided by keeping near the wa-

ter's edge. Just beyond the column is exhibited a natural fireplace. Here, also, a rill descends, a few feet below the summit shelf. A cedar extends down within reach its elongated branches from the root, by which a sailor could as easily ascend the bank as up the shrouds of his ship; and under this shelving summit a solemnizing echo is generally heard, as of the dreadful roar of overwhelming floods rushing from on high. It is caused by the cascade below. * * * *

From this, passing a high projection, we come to a place where this wonderful chasm is fully demonstrated to be the effect of the operation of the stream. We see the process actually going on. The curvatures here, through which the water rushes for a considerable distance, are as regular as if drawn by the compass. One of these is styled the 'Rocky Heart,' from its perfect resemblance to that form on cards, which is so denominated. In a flat rock at the side, there is nearly in contact a circular hole, named by some the 'Potash Kettle,' and by others 'Jacob's Well.' * * * *

His must be 'a forlorn hope' who can view the scenery of nature in this wonderful chasm without corresponding emotions of reverential piety. It is a scene where the God of Nature himself preaches the most eloquent and impressive lectures to every visitor; but more especially to the philosopher, whose mind is called to ascend from the wonderful operations of nature, to nature's more wonderful and incomprehensible CAUSE; for what is Nature, but the *systematic course of divine operation*?

"At the 'Rocky Heart' it is customary to stop, seeing the passage beyond is attended with some danger, and the scenery is, to a considerable degree, characteristic of what follows.

"On your return to the 'Rural Resort' you ascend the bank immediately behind the 'Rural Retreat,' where many picturesque glimpses of the river may be had, one particularly at Carmichael's Point. Thence, carefully observing to keep the left hand footpath on the summit near the creek, you pass through the cool shade of the forest, until you arrive with a good appetite at the place where you landed from your carriage."

Mr. Sherman adds to his description of the scenery of the glen many interesting scientific observations, which remind us that the highly fossiliferous strata of the Trenton limestone has always made the gorge of the West Canada Creek exceedingly attractive to students of geology. The cabinets of rare fossils and mineralogical specimens at the hotel are vividly recalled by every visitor to Trenton Falls in the olden days.

The ideal and most worthy first resident at Trenton Falls passed away in 1828. He was laid to rest on the hilltop crowned with pines in the rear of his simple hostelry and within sound of the perpetual music of Kaayahoorah.

"Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled;
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding presence which makes each moment
A benediction."



THE IMPERIAL CLIFF ABOVE SHERMAN FALL

Mr. Michael Moore of New York, son-in-law of Mr. Sherman, succeeded the founder in the proprietorship of the popular inn at Trenton. He made extensive additions to the original structure and, with the opening of the Plank Road from Utica in 1851, the beautiful ravine of the West Canada Creek became more accessible to the public. Under the Moore regime the same atmosphere of culture and refinement obtained at Trenton which had characterized the resort from its establishment. Old-time patrons of Moore's Hotel recall this feature as its unique and indescribable charm. Poets, painters, scientists, nature-lovers, all came to Trenton. It was the favorite haunt of scholars and literary celebrities. Foreigners of note bound for Niagara did not fail to step aside at Utica to witness this less grand but more lovely exhibition of falling water. It was the rare combination of exquisite natural accessories which rendered the place unique and enraptured every visitor. Flowers, ferns, mosses, majestic trees adorned the great gray cliffs of the enchanted glen. One who considered the Trenton Gorge unrivaled for picturesque beauty wrote of the view of the High Falls: "It is a picture in water colors, framed in rock, fringed with greenness, spangled with wild flowers, and canopied by the blue vault of heaven." Trenton Falls early occupied a prominent position in the list of America's famous resorts. "The Fashionable or Northern Tour," a guide book published at Saratoga Springs and New York City in 1830 contains an extended account of "the renowned Trenton Falls" fourteen miles north of Utica.

Before taking up the fascinating descriptions of the place which I have found in the writings of so many past worthies, I must speak of the wonderful old-time garden which once bedecked the charming vista in front of Moore's Hotel, that perfect scene of rural beauty stretching away to glorious hills and "fields of living green." Who that has seen it will forget the brilliant parterre of roses and peonies which bordered the long graveled walk leading down to "the rocks" where a fine view could be obtained of the stream after its tumultuous passage over the ledges? Calmly now it pursued its winding way to join the Mohawk, passing through some of the most beautiful scenery of the state of New York. But we cannot linger in the lovely valley of the West Canada; it is time to return to the inn.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

Let us enter the hospitable doorway and, after studying the notable paintings of the falls which grace the pleasant parlors, listen to what N. P. Willis says about the beauties of Trenton. He sought out this romantic spot as early as 1828 and paid repeated visits to the place. In 1851 he edited a delightful little book at the request of Mr. Moore, published by George P. Putnam, entitled "Trenton Falls, Picturesque and Descriptive," from which I quote these words: "The most enjoyably beautiful spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country is Trenton Falls, the

place above all others where it is a luxury to stay—which one oftenest revisits—which one most commends strangers to be sure to visit. In the long corridor of travel between New York and Niagara, this place is a sort of alcove aside—a side-scene out of ear-shot of the crowd. * * * * *

“Most people talk of the sublimity of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know of in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock and, with the tremendous descent of the stream—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy, or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,

‘Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,’ maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. * * * * * The peculiarity of Trenton Falls, I fancy, consists a good deal in the space in which

you are compelled to see them. You walk a few steps from the hotel through the wood, and come to a descending staircase of a hundred steps, the different bends of which are so overgrown with wild shrubbery, that you cannot see the ravine until you are fairly down upon its rocky floor. Your path hence up to the first fall is along a ledge cut out of the base of the cliff that overhangs the torrent, and when you get to the foot of the descending sheet, you find yourself in very close quarters with a cataract—rocky walls all round you—and the appreciation of power and magnitude somewhat heightened by the confinement of the place.

“The usual walk (through this deep cave open at the top) is about half a mile in length, and its almost subterranean river, in that distance, plunges over four precipices in exceedingly beautiful cascades. On the successive rocky terraces between the falls, the torrent takes every variety of rapids and whirlpools and, perhaps, in all the scenery of the world there is no river which, in the same space, presents so many of the various shapes and beauties of running and falling water. The Indian name of the stream (the Kanata, which means the Amber River) expresses one of its peculiarities and, probably from the depth of shade cast by the dark and overhanging walls 'twixt which it flows, the water is everywhere of a peculiarly rich lustre and color, and in the edges of one or two of the cascades, as yellow as gold. Artists, in drawing this river, fail in giving the impression of *deep-down-itude* which is pro-



A CHARMING VISTA OF THE HILLS FROM THE CLIFF WALK

duced by the close approach of the two lofty walls of rock, capped by the over-leaning woods, and with the sky apparently resting, like a ceiling, upon the leafy architraves. * * * * Subterranean as this foaming river looks by day, it looks like a river in cloud-land by night. The side of the ravine which is in shadow, is one undistinguishable mass of black with its wavy upper edge in strong relief against the sky and, as the foaming stream catches the light from the opposite and moonlit side, it is outlined distinctly on its bed of darkness, and seems winding its way between hills of clouds, half black, half luminous. Below, where all is deep shadow except the river, you might fancy it a silver mine laid open to your view amid subterranean darkness by the wand of an enchanter. * * * *

"Baron de Trobriand*" arrived here to-day, August 10, 1848. I had been reading a French novel of which he is the author, and I am amused to see how he carries out, in his impulsive and enthusiastic way of enjoying scenery, the impression you get of his character from his buoyant and brilliant style of writing. After one look at the falls he came back and made a foray upon the larder, got a tin kettle in which he packed the simple provender he might want, and went off with his portfolio to sketch and ramble out the day. He returned at night with his slight and elegant features burned by the sun, wet to the knees with wading the rapids, and rejoined the gay but more leisurely and

*Baron de Trobriand, a native of France, emigrated to the United States in 1841, enlisted in 1861 in the cause of the Union, and rendered gallant service throughout the entire Civil War.

luxurious party with which he travels. Looking down from one of the cliffs yesterday afternoon, I saw him hard at work ankle deep in water bringing pieces of rock and building a causeway across the shallows of the stream, to induce the ladies to come to the edge of the falls, otherwise inaccessible. He has made one or two charming sketches of the ravine, being an admirable artist."

The absence of display and garishness at the hotel appealed strongly to Mr. Willis, particularly the quiet, unobtrusive exterior. "Oh, those chalky universes in rural places," he exclaims, "what miles around of green trees and tender grass do they blaze out of all recognition with their unescapable white-paint aggravations of sunshine, and their stretch of unmitigated collonade! You may as well look at a star with a blazing candle in your eye, as enjoy a landscape in which one of these mountains of illuminated clapboard sits a-glare. Mr. Moore, the landlord at Trenton, is proposing to build a larger house for the accommodation of the public, but this sermon upon our Mont Blanc Hotels, with their Dover Cliff porticoes is not aimed at him. On subjects of taste he requires no counsel. The engravings a man hangs up in his parlors are a sufficient key to the degree of his refinement; and those which are visible through the soft *demi jour* of the apartments in this shaded retreat, might all belong to a connoisseur in art, and a fair example of the proprietor's perception of the beautiful. In more than one way he is the right kind of man for the Keeper of

this loveliest of Nature's bailiwicks of scenery. On the night of our arrival I was lying awake somewhere towards midnight, and watching from my window the sifting of moonlight through the woods with the stirring of the night air, when the low undertone of the falls was suddenly varied with a strain of exquisite music. It seemed scarcely a tune, but, with the richest fullness of volume, one lingering and dreamy note melted into another, as if it were the voluntary of a player who unconsciously touched the keys as an accompaniment to his melancholy. What with the place and time, and my ignorance that there was an instrument of this character in the house, I was a good deal surprised; but before making up my mind as to what it could be, I was 'helped over the stile' into dreamland, and made no inquiry till the next morning at breakfast. The player was our landlord, Mr. Moore, who thus, when his guests are gone to bed, steals an hour of leisure from the night and, upon a fine organ which stands in one of the inner parlors of his house, plays with admirable taste and execution. * * * * *

"Mr. Moore came here twenty years ago to enjoy the scenery of which he had heard so much; and getting a severe fall in climbing the rocks, was for some time confined to his bed at the hotel, then kept by Mr. Sherman. The kind care with which he was treated resulted in an attachment for one of the daughters of the family, his present wife; he came back, wedded his fair nurse and Trenton for the remander of his life,

and is now the owner and host of the very loveliest scenery-haunt in all our picturesque country."

Willis speaks of the select character of the guests whom he finds at the hotel, and he tells of lovely walks through the forest along the edge of the cliff, and of delicious hours spent in watching the procession of visitors climbing through the ravine—every new group changing and embellishing "the glorious combination of rock, foliage and water." All that was wanting to make the scene perfect, Willis declared, was a dash of color in woman's attire. All were clad in the colors of the rocks and wore slate-colored riding dresses and bonnets to match up the dusty highways. When a lady finally appeared accompanied by a gentleman carrying a crimson shawl, it so heightened the scene that he at once made a vow to appeal to the ladies of the land to carry, at least, a scarf of red, white or blue over the arm when mingling with the landscapes of our romantic resorts, thus supplying all that was wanting at Trenton and Niagara.

MARGARET FULLER

Trenton by moonlight! The poet Willis says he walked the ravine till the "small hours" to witness the marvelous transformation, but he would not attempt to reproduce such "sublimities" on paper.

Margaret Fuller did, for she wrote verses upon Trenton Falls as they appeared early in the morning, in the afternoon, and by moonlight. June 2, 1835, when

a guest of the Harvard Professor of Astronomy and family at Cambridge, she writes her father: "I have something to tell you which I hope, oh, I hope will give you as much pleasure as it does me. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar propose taking me, with several other delightful persons, to Trenton Falls this summer. The plan is to set out about the 20th of July, go to New York, then up the North River to West Point—pass a day there, then on to Trenton, and devote a week to that beautiful scenery. Oh, I cannot describe the positive ecstasy with which I think of this journey." Thomas Wentworth Higginson states, in his biography of Margaret Fuller (Marchioness Ossoli) that she did enjoy the anticipated treat, a journey rare in her day, when "Trenton Falls was accounted one of the glories of America—the simple days when the wonders of Colorado and the Yosemite were unknown."

TRENTON FALLS EARLY IN THE MORNING

Would you the genius of the place enjoy,
 In all the charm contrast and color give?
 Your eye and taste you now may best employ,
 For this the hour when minor beauties live;
 Scan ye the details as the sun rides high,
 For with the morn these sparkling glories fly.

TRENTON FALLS IN THE AFTERNOON

* * * * *

A calmer grace o'er these still hours presides;
 Now is the time to see the might of form;
 The heavy masses of the buttressed sides,
 The stately steps o'er which the waters storm.

TRENTON FALLS BY MOONLIGHT

* * * * *

With what holiness did night invest
 The eager impulse of impetuous life,
 And hymn-like meanings clothed the waters' strife!
 With what a solemn peace the moon did rest
 Upon the white crest of the waterfall;
 The haughty guardian banks, by the deep shade,
 In almost double height are now displayed.
 Depth, height, speak things which awe, but not appall.
 From elemental powers this voice has come,
 And God's love answers from the azure dome.

MARGARET FULLER

CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK

Catherine Maria Sedgwick, the gifted author of "The New England Tale," "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," the co-temporary of Irving and Cooper in the field of early American literature, was a Trenton enthusiast. The beautiful falls of Kauya-hoora furnished a picturesque setting for a part of her story entitled "Clarence," first published in 1830, one of the most romantic of her numerous novels. That Miss Sedgwick was once widely read and popular is proven by Chief Justice Marshall, who sent her this message through their mutual friend, Judge Story: "Tell Miss Sedgwick I have read with great pleasure everything she has written and wish she would write more." Indeed, Miss Sedgwick's name was associated with that of Cooper's to the extent that, in a French translation of "Redwood," which appeared in Paris in 1824, he is given on the title page as the author.

The scene of "Clarence" is laid mainly in New York City, but the family, whose name is given the story, spend much time at their charming villa near one of the most beautiful of the inland lakes of western New York, and from this point they "jaunt" to Trenton. In due time they arrive at the scene of enchantment where the author says "nature reigns a queen of beauty, every heart does her homage—the very trees as they bend from their walled banks and almost embower

the sportive stream, seem in act of reverence." The heroine, Gertrude Clarence, ventures out alone the night of her arrival to see the falls by moonlight. She has no fear, for she has been there before, and knows the forest paths by heart. Not a breath of air is stirring. All nature seems hushed to listen to the music of the dashing waters. She descends the steps, follows the margin of the stream, passes the most difficult places in safety and reaches the summit of the first fall where she encounters a stranger, Gerald Roscoe, the hero of the tale. Fate brings this charming pair together at Trenton, and by moonlight!

In the progress of the story Miss Sedgwick describes the falls in this delightful and realistic manner: "Gertrude Clarence ascended to the summit of the first fall by the natural and rough stairway and pursuing her walk, canopied by the over-arching rocks, and creeping along the shelving shore, she attained the side of the foaming, deep abyss, into which the stream rushes at two bold leaps. She stood for some moments gazing on the torrent, almost deafened by its roar, when she was startled by a footstep close to her. She turned and saw the stranger who seemed destined to cross her path at every turn. He bowed respectfully and said: 'This is fine scenery; I have been scrambling along the bank for two miles above this place, and never have I seen such various and startling beauty. The river has so many abrupt turns and graceful sweeps, at every turn there is a new picture, as if you had turned another leaf in the book of Nature. I have



A FASHIONABLE GROUP AT TRENTON FALLS

seen three falls above this place of less magnitude, and I have been told they occur at intervals for several miles. But the falls are only one feature. The sides of the stream are everywhere beautiful. In some places richly wooded; in others the rocks are perpendicular, bare and stern—now sending over their beetling summits a little cascade that falls at your feet in diamond drops—now receding and sloping, and mantled with moss and fern, or sending out from their clefts sturdy trees, sylvan sentinels on Nature's embattlements. In one place the rocks recede and are concave and the river appears like an imprisoned lake, or a magician's well. There, I confess, I listened for an 'open sesame' and thought it possible I might see an enchanted damsel walk forth with her golden pitcher.'” I am extremely grateful to the Berkshire novelist for this unique tribute, and for much more which she said in praise of Trenton. She must have dearly loved the spot, for she visited it many times, once with her friend, Frances Anne Kemble.

Of the fashion, prevalent in her day, of comparing Trenton with Niagara, many preferring the former, Miss Sedgwick says: “Trenton is a younger favorite and has the advantage of youth and novelty over the sublime torrent. She has not been heard of by everybody in the four quarters of the globe; nor been seen and talked of by half the world. We feel something of the pride of discoverers in vaunting her beauty. She has, too, her caprices and changes, and does not show the same face to all. This is one of her peculiar

charms. There is such a pleasure in saying, 'Oh, what a pity you did not see the falls as we did; we but just escaped with our lives, immense rains had fallen, and the passes were all but impassable.' There are no such lucky chances of superiority at Niagara. Like a monarch Niagara always appears in the same state and magnificence. It pays no visible tribute to the elements; it is neither materially abated nor augmented by them. Niagara is like the ocean, alone and incomparable in its grandeur."

How perfectly Hawthorne interprets Miss Sedgwick's meaning: "Oh, that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old who heard its deep roar sounding through the woods, as the summons of an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink in all the freshness of native feeling."

Naturally the far-famed Mohawk Valley receives its share of panegyric in this volume, for it was the great highway traversed by all Trenton pilgrims, and Utica "the gateway" calls forth much interesting and entertaining comment. Miss Sedgwick says in "Clarence": "We deplored the necessity of a few hours delay at one of the noisiest inns of that noisiest of all growing, forwarding towns, thronged, busy Utica. The front windows looked into the most public, and *par excellence*, the busiest street of the town, the avenue to the great northern turnpike. Stage coaches were waiting, arriving, departing, driving to and fro, as if all the world were a stage coach and all the men and

women merely travellers. The window at the side of the room afforded a view of the canal, and of the general debouching place of its packet boats. There were servants and porters hustling baggage off and on the packet boats and stage coach proprietors persecuting the jaded passengers with rival claims to patronage. A fresh bustle broke out, Babel was nothing to it—‘Hurrah for the western passengers!’ ‘Gentlemen and ladies for Sackett’s Harbor, all ready!’ ‘Hurrah for Trenton!’ ‘Pioneer Line, ready!’ ‘Gentlemen and ladies for the Telegraph Line!’ The exciting political campaign of the day is denoted by the announcements that ‘The bell is ringing for the Adams’ boat going out!’ ‘The horn is blowing for the Jackson boat coming in!’”

Miss Sedgwick’s picture of early Utica rivals Mr. Archibald Dunlap Moore’s, (brother of the proprietor at Trenton) who says of the place in his “*Journal of Travels through New York State*” in 1822: “Here is the confusion of Babel—stores and houses building, horns blowing, canal boats with passengers arriving, passing through and setting out. Stages, waggons, men, women and children—everything denotes the rapid growth of this would-be capital of the state. Indeed, many of the people of Utica are perfectly wild over the future size, influence and wealth of their thriving village. They are entirely too sanguine, although it must become one of the largest inland towns in the United States, its situation giving it many advantages from a commercial point of view. * * *

Wandered out after dark, no lamps, stumbled about and concluded to go back to my lodgings at the Canal House—engaged passage next day for Little Falls.”

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE

Mrs. Frances Trollope was about completing her sojourn of over three years in America, when she set out from New York, May 30, 1831, for Niagara. She had been reading “Clarence” and possibly it was Miss Sedgwick’s description of Trenton in this romance which led her to visit the spot. “At two in the afternoon,” her account reads, “we started from Utica in a very pleasant carriage for Trenton Falls, a delightful drive of fourteen miles. These falls have become within a few years only second in fame to Niagara. The West Canada Creek has found its way through three miles of rock, which at many points is one hundred and fifty feet high. A forest of enormous cedars is on their summit; and many of that beautiful species of white cedar which droops its branches like the weeping-willow, grow in the clefts of the rock, and in some places almost dip their dark foliage in the torrent. Near the hotel a flight of very alarming steps leads down to the bed of the stream, and on reaching it you find yourself enclosed in a deep abyss of solid rock, with no visible opening but that above your head. The torrent dashes by with inconceivable rapidity; its color is black as night, and the dark ledge of rocks on which you stand is so treacherously

level with it, that nothing warns you of danger. Within the last three years, two young people, though surrounded by their friends, have stepped an inch too far and disappeared from among them as if by magic, never to revisit earth again. This broad flat ledge reaches but a short distance and then the perpendicular wall appears to stop your farther progress. * * By the aid of gunpowder a sufficient quantity of the rock has been removed to afford a fearful footing around a point, which, when doubled, discloses a world of cataracts, all leaping forward in most magnificent confusion. I suffered considerably before I reached the spot where this grand scene is visible; a chain firmly fastened to the rock serves to hang by, as you creep along the giddy verge, and this enabled me to proceed so far; but here the chain failed, and my courage with it, though the rest of the party continued for some way farther, and reported of still increasing sublimity. But my knees tottered, and my head swam, so while the rest crept onward, I sat down to wait their return on the floor of the rock which had received us on quitting the steps.

“A hundred and fifty feet of bare black rock on one side, an equal height covered with solemn cedars on the other, an unfathomed torrent roaring between them, and the idea of my children clinging to the dizzy path I had left, was altogether somber enough. But I had not sat long before a tremendous burst of thunder shook the air; the deep chasm answered from either side, again, again, and again; the

whole effect was so exceedingly grand, that I had no longer leisure to think of fear; my children immediately returned, and we enjoyed together the darkening shadows cast over the abyss, the rival clamor of the torrent and the storm, and the delightful exaltation of the spirits which sets danger at defiance. A few heavy raindrops alarmed us more than all the terrors of the spot, and recalled our senses. We retreated by the fearful steps and reached the hotel unwetted and unharmed. The next morning we were again early afoot; the storm had refreshed the air and renewed our strength. We now took a different route and, instead of descending as before, walked through the dark forest along the cliff, catching glimpses of the scene below." In due time Mrs. Trollope and party reach the finest point to view the falls, the rustic rest-house, commemorated in Miss Sedgwick's "Clarence," perched over the tremendous whirlpool at the Great or High Falls. Here they bid farewell to the charms of Trenton and return to Utica in time for dinner, "where," says Mrs. Trollope, "we found we must either wait until the next day for the Rochester coach or again submit to the packet boat."

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL

Captain Basil Hall of the Royal Navy, an earlier British traveler in America, varied the vicissitudes of the journey by canal from Albany to Buffalo by the employment of an "Exclusive Extra." He made an arrangement with the proprietor of one of the regular lines of coaches who agreed to furnish him a stage exclusively for himself and family, all the way from Albany to the Falls of Niagara for one hundred and fifteen dollars. It was stipulated that the entire trip could be accomplished in three days or it could, if desired, be extended three weeks. "In no other part of America," says Captain Hall, "are there such facilities for travelling as we found on the road in question. On the 14th of June, 1827, we left Albany to proceed to the western country. Our first grand stage was Niagara, but on the way to that celebrated spot we expected to see the grand Erie Canal, the newly settled districts along its banks, and many other interesting objects besides." One of these was Trenton Falls!

"Our first day's journey took us to Schenectady," says Captain Hall, "where we boarded the packet boat. I cannot conceive a more beautiful combination of verdure than we found along the Mohawk Valley and, as the winding of the canal brought us in sight of fresh vistas, new cultivation, new vil-

lages, mills, scattered dwellings, churches, all span new, a boundless vision of novel interest stretched out before us. 'Bridge, passengers, mind the low bridge,' broke in upon our day-dreams and disturbed our pleasure, as we had so frequently to step down from off the deck to pass under one of the innumerable little bridges which cross the canal. It was at first rather amusing to hop down and then hop up, but after a time it grew wearisome and marred the tranquility of the day. At Caughnawaga we set out again in our 'extra stage'—one day of the canal was quite enough." Captain Hall arrived on the 18th in Utica, "a town recently built, with several church spires rising over it, and standing near the canal." From this point he makes the excursion to Trenton Falls, which he declares are well worth seeing, but as he is not so sure of their being equally acceptable in description, he passes them by, adding, "I would by no means recommend travellers to follow such an example." Captain Hall's lifelong ambition was to see Niagara and now, when so near the goal, it must have been at considerable sacrifice of personal feeling that he detoured to visit Trenton. "When my expectations were about to be realized," he writes, "my feelings were akin to what I experienced at St. Helena when waiting in Napoleon's outer room, conscious that I was separated from this astounding person only by a door which was about to open. So it was with Niagara when I knew that, at the next turn of the road, I should behold the most splendid sight on earth."



“THE VERY TREES AS THEY BEND FROM THEIR WALLED BANKS
SEEM IN ACT OF REVERENCE”

HARRIET MARTINEAU

Harriet Martineau richly supplies what Captain Hall and certain other visitors to Trenton lack in description, and I quote several pages from her "Retrospect of Western Travel":

"We proceeded by railroad from Albany to Schenectady (October, 1834) and there stepped into a canal boat for Utica. On fine days it is pleasant enough sitting outside (except for having to duck under the bridges every quarter of an hour, under penalty of having one's head crushed to atoms), and in dark evenings the approach of the boat lights on the water is a pretty sight; but the horrors of night and of wet days more than compensate for all the advantages these vehicles can boast. The heat and noise, the known vicinity of a compressed crowd, lying packed like herrings in a barrel, the bumping against the sides of the locks, and the hissing of water therein, like an inundation startling one from sleep; these things are very disagreeable. In addition to other discomforts we passed the fine scenery of Little Falls in the night. I was not aware what we had missed till I traversed the Mohawk Valley by a better conveyance nearly two years afterward. I have described this valley in my other work on America and must, therefore, restrain my pen from dwelling on its beauties here." One feature of the inns noted by Miss Martineau was the American propensity for rocking chairs—the ladies

were always rocking, and rocking chairs were everywhere in evidence. "It is well," she says, "that the gentlemen can be satisfied to sit still, or the world might be treated with the spectacle of the sublime American Senate see-sawing in full deliberation. * *

"I was out early in the misty morning and was presently joined by the rest of my party, all looking eagerly for signs of Utica being near. By eight o'clock we were at the wharf. We thought Utica the most extempore place we had yet seen. The streets running into the woods, seemed to betoken that the place had sprung out of some sudden need. How much more ancient and respectable did it seem, after my return from the West, where I had seen towns so much newer still! We were civilly received and accommodated at Bagg's Hotel, where we knew how to value cold water, spacious rooms, and retirement after the annoyances of the boat.

"Our baggage-master was fortunate in securing a neat, clean stage to take us to Trenton Falls (14 miles) where we promised ourselves the pleasure of spending the whole day, on condition of being off by five the next morning, in order to accomplish the distance to Syracuse in the course of the day. The reason for our economy of time was not merely that it was late in the season, and every day which kept us from the Falls of Niagara of consequence, but that our German friend, Mr. O., was obliged to be back in New York by a certain day. We clapped our hands at the sight of the 'Rural Resort,' the comfortable, hospitable house of entertainment at Trenton standing in its gar-

den on the edge of the forest, so unlike hotels on the high road."

The party registered at the hotel October 8, 1834, as follows:

*Miss Martineau, England.

Mrs. Jeffrey, "

Dr. Julius, Hamburg, Germany.

Mr. Higham, South Carolina.

Mr. Oppenheim, Hamburg, Germany.

Mr. Sellem, Holland.

"We ordered," continues Miss Martineau, "a late dinner and proceeded to the falls. We had only to follow a path in the pine forest for a few paces, and we were at the edge of the ravine which encloses the cascades. It is a pity that the Indian name is not retained. Trenton Falls are called Cayoharic (Kauyahoorah) by the Indians. They are occasioned by the descent of West Canada Creek through a ravine, where it makes a succession of leaps from platforms of rock, six of these falls being pretty easily accessible by travellers. Much has been said of the danger of the enterprise of ascending the ravine; but I saw no peril to persons who are neither rash nor nervous. The two accidents which have happened have, I believe, been owing, the one to extreme rashness, and the other to sudden terror. From the edge of the ravine the black water, speckled with white foam, is seen rushing below with a swiftness which half turns the

*During their voyage across the Atlantic, Miss Martineau and her companion, Mrs. Jeffrey, made up a party to tour the State of New York with certain of their shipmates including "a German and a Dutch gentleman and the Prussian physician and young South Carolinian."

head of the stranger. We descended five flights of wooden steps fixed against the steep face of the rock, and at the bottom found ourselves at the brink of the torrent.

“I was never in so dark and chill a place in the open air; yet the sun was shining on the opposite face of the rock, lighting the one scarlet maple which stood out from among the black cedars and dark green elms. We selected our footing with a care which we were quite ready to ridicule when we came back; and were not above grasping the chain which is riveted into the rock where the shelf which forms the path is narrowest and where the angles are sharpest. The hollow is here so filled with the voice of many waters, that no other can be heard; and after many irreverent shouts had been attempted, we gave up all attempts to converse till we reached a quieter place. Being impatient to see the first fall I went on before the rest, and having climbed the flight of wooden steps, so wetted with the spray of the fall as to be slippery as ice, I stood on the platform under a covert of rock foaming with the thunder of the waters, and saw my companions, one by one, turn the angle of the path and pause in front of the sheet of liquid amber sprinkled with snow. The path on which they stood seemed too narrow for human foot and, when discerning me, they waved their hands, I trembled lest, disregarding their footing, they should be swept away by the furious torrent. When we found our heads turning with the rush of the dark waters, we amused ourselves with admir-

ing the little wells in the rock, and the drip from the roots of a cedar projecting from the top of the ravine, a never-failing glittering shower. Between the fifth and sixth fall there is a long tranquil reach of water, and here we lingered to rest our bewildered senses before entering upon the confusion of rocks through which the sixth forces its way. We see-sawed upon a fallen trunk, sent autumn leaves whirling down the stream, and watched the endless dance of the balls of foam which had found their way into the tiny creeks and bays opposite, and could not get out again.

“Gay butterflies seemed quite at home in this ravine. They flit through the very spray of the falls. It seemed wonderful that an insect could retain its frail life in the midst of such an uproar. When the sun in its course suddenly shone full into the glen, how the cascade was instantly dressed in glory, crowned with a rainbow and invested with all radiant hues! How the poor banished Indians must mourn when the lights of their Cayoharic (Kauyahoorá) visit their senses again in the dreams of memory or of sleep! The recollections of these poor exiles was an ever-present saddening thought in the midst of all the most beautiful scenes of the New World.

“When we had surmounted the sixth fall, we saw indeed that we could go no farther. A round projection of rock, without trace of a foothold, barred us from the privacy of the upper ravine. The falls there are said to be as beautiful as any that we saw, and it is to be hoped that, by blasting a pathway or by some

other means, they also may be laid open to the affections of happy visitors. They have been seen and reported of. A friend of mine has told me, since I was there, how Bryant the poet and himself behaved like two thoughtless boys in this place. Clambering about by themselves one summer day, when their wives had gone back to the house, they were irresistibly tempted to pass the barrier and see what lay beyond. They met with so many difficulties and so much beauty higher up, that they forgot all about time, till they found themselves in utter darkness. They hastened to grope their way homeward through the forest and were startled after a while by shouts and moving lights. Till that moment they never recollected how alarmed their wives must be. It was past 10 o'clock and the poor ladies had got people from the neighborhood to go out with torches, little expecting to see their husbands come walking home, with nothing the matter with them but hunger and shame. I hope the ladies were exceedingly angry when their panic was over.

"The forest at the top of the ravine was a study to me, who had yet seen but little forest. Moss cushioned all the roots of the trees; hibiscus overspread the ground; among the pine stems there was a tangle of unknown shrubs, and a brilliant bird, scarlet except its black wings, hovered about as if it had no fear of us. Before we returned the moon hung like a gem over the darkness of the ravine. I spent another happy day among these falls some months after, and was yet more impressed with their singularity and

beauty. * * * * We left the place a little after five in the morning, in a dismal rain. While breakfasting at Utica we engaged an 'Exclusive Extra' to carry us to Buffalo for eighty dollars, the precise route being agreed upon, and the choice of times and seasons to remain with us. On going out to our carriage we found the steps of the hotel occupied by a number of persons, some from Boston, who offered me welcome to the country, and any information or assistance I might need. One gentleman put into my hand a letter of introduction to an influential friend of his at Cincinnati, as it was understood I was going there. So from this strange place, where I had spent above two hours, we drove off amid a variety of friendly greetings.

"This day I first saw a log house and first felt myself admitted into the sanctuary of the forest. These things made the day full of interest to me, though the rain scarcely ceased from morning till night. Well-settled farms were numerous along the road, but in the intervals were miles of forests; dark thronging trees with their soft gay summits. Till now the autumn woods had appeared at a distance too red and rusty; these when looked into were the meeting of all harmonious colors. The cleared hollows and slopes, with the forest ever advancing or receding, are as fine to the imagination as any natural language can be. I looked for an Indian or two standing on the forest verge, within a shade as dusky as himself, but for this I had to wait another day."

Miss Martineau paid her second visit to Trenton Falls, June 2, 1836, in company with some of the warmest and noblest of the friends she made in America, by her fearless espousal of the Abolition cause—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring and Dr. and Mrs. Follen of Boston.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

In July, 1837, the English novelist, Captain Marryat, came directly from Saratoga Springs to Utica on a through express, to visit Trenton Falls. He says in his "Diary in America": "There is one disadvantage attending railroads. Travellers proceed more rapidly, but they lose all the beauty of the country. Railroads, of course, run through the most level portions of the states, which are invariably uninteresting. The road from Schenectady to Utica is one of the exceptions to this rule. There is not, perhaps, a more beautiful variety of scenery to be found anywhere. You run the whole way through the lovely valley of the Mohawk on the banks of the river. It was really delightful, but the motion was so rapid that you lamented passing by so fast. The Utica railroad is one of the best in America; the eighty miles are performed in four hours and a half, stoppages for taking in water, passengers and refreshments, included. The locomotive was of great power, and as it snorted along with a train of carriages of a half a mile in tow, it threw out such showers of fire, that we were constantly in danger



THE "RURAL RETREAT"

"Time, glorious river, may change thy fall,
Never the picture on memory's wall"

of conflagration. The weather was too warm to admit of the windows being closed, and the ladies, assisted by the gentlemen, were constantly employed in putting out the sparks which settled on their clothes. As the evening closed in we were actually whirled along through a stream of fiery threads, a beautiful, although humble imitation of the tail of a comet.

“A tremendous thunder-storm, with torrents of rain, prevented my leaving Utica for Trenton Falls until late in the afternoon. The roads, ploughed up by the rain, were anything but democratic; there was no level in them, and we were jolted and shaken like peas in a rattle, until we were silent from absolute suffering.

“I rose the next morning (July 20th) at four o’clock. There was a heavy fog in the air, and you could not distinguish more than one hundred yards before you. I followed the path pointed out to me the night before, through a forest of majestic trees, and descending a long flight of steps found myself below the falls. The scene impressed me with awe—the waters roared through the deep chasm between two walls of rock, one hundred and fifty feet high, walls of black carbonate of lime in perfectly horizontal strata, so equally divided that they appeared like solid masonry. For fifty or sixty feet above the rushing waters they were smooth and bare; above that line vegetation commenced with small bushes, reaching to their summits, which were crowned with splendid forest trees, some of them inclining over the chasm, as if they would

peep into the abyss below and witness the wild tumult of the waters.

“From the narrowness of the pass, the height of the rocks, and the superadded towering of the trees above, but a small portion of the heavens was to be seen, and this was not blue, but of a misty murky gray. The first sensation was that of dizziness and confusion, from the unusual absence of the sky above, and the dashing frantic speed of the angry boiling waters. The rocks have been blasted so as to form a path by which you may walk up to the first fall; but this path was at times very narrow, and you have to cling to the chain which is let into the rock. The heavy storm of the day before had swelled the torrent so that it rose nearly a foot above this path; and before I had proceeded far, I found that the flood swept between my legs with a force which would have taken some people off their feet. The rapids below the falls are much grander than the falls themselves; there was one down in a chasm between two riven rocks which it was painful to look upon, and watch with what a deepplunge—what irresistible force the waters dashed down and then returned to their own surface, as if struggling and out of breath. As I stood over them in their wild career, listening to their roaring as if in anger, and watching the madness of their speed, I felt a sensation of awe—an inward acknowledgment of the tremendous power of Nature; and, after a time, I departed with feelings of gladness to escape from thought which became painful when so near to danger.

“I gained the lower falls, which now covered the whole width of the rock, which they seldom do except during freshets. They were extraordinary from their variety. On the side where I stood, poured down a rapid column of water; on the other it was running over a clear, thin stream, as gentle and amiable as water could be. That part of the fall reminded me of ladies’ hair in flowing ringlets, and the one nearest me of Lord Chancellor Eldon, in all the pomposity and frowning dignity of his full-bottomed wig. And then I thought of the lion and the lamb, not lying down, but falling down together; and then I thought I was wet through, which was a fact.” (Captain Marryat says, when he reached the hotel at the close of the day, that he had no guides to pay, but that Nature had made a very considerable levy upon his wardrobe; his boots were bursting, his trousers were torn to fragments, and his hat was ruined.) “I climbed up a ladder and came to a wooden bridge above the fall, which conveyed me to the other side. The bridge passes over a staircase of little falls, which is very picturesque. On the other side I climbed up a ladder of one hundred feet, and arrived at a little building where travellers are refreshed. Here you have a view of all the upper falls, but these seem tame after witnessing the savage impetuosity of the rapids below.” Captain Marryat climbed still more steps and followed the forest path until he reached the summit of the cliff directly over the High Falls, where he says: “This scene is splendid. The black perpendicular rocks on

the other side; the succession of falls; the rapids roaring below; the forest trees rising to the clouds with occasional glimpses of the skies—all this induces you to wander with your eyes from one point of view to another, never tiring of its beauty, wildness and vastness: if you do not exclaim with the Mussulman, God is great! you *feel* it through every sense, and at every pulsation of the heart."

WASHINGTON IRVING

That Washington Irving was deeply impressed with the scenic wonders of America after his second visit to Europe, is shown in a letter written at Trenton Falls to his brother Peter, residing in Paris. In the summer of 1832, shortly after his return to his native land, after seventeen years absence, accompanied by his friends, Count de Pourtales and Charles J. Latrobe, he set out upon an extensive western tour. From Saratoga Springs the party proceeded to Trenton Falls whence he writes his brother, August 15th: "This place has arisen into notice since your departure from America. The falls are uncommonly beautiful, and are situated on West Canada Creek, the main branch of the Mohawk, within sixteen miles of Utica. My tour thus far has been through a continued succession of beautiful scenes; indeed, the natural beauties of the United States strike me infinitely more than they did before my residence in Europe. We are now in a clean, airy, well furnished hotel, on a hill

with a broad, beautiful prospect in front, and forests on all the other sides. Our table is excellent and we are enjoying as pure and delightful breezes as I did in the Alhambra. The murmur of the neighboring waterfalls lulls me to a delicious summer nap, and in the morning and evening I have glorious bathing in the clear waters of the little river."

The marvelous view of the High Falls which charmed every visitor was fittingly christened "Irving Point," in commemoration of this great American's unbounded admiration for the inspiring scene.

Latrobe's "Rambles in North America" contains this allusion to the visit to Trenton Falls referred to by Washington Irving. "On leaving Saratoga Springs we proceeded up the lovely valley of the Mohawk—the earth hardly contains one more deserving of the epithet—to Utica about one hundred miles distant. There we left the Great Western Road and, turning to the northward, buried ourselves in the delicious woods and dells of Trenton Falls, one of the most interesting localities in the state. This clear stream dashes over successive cascades in the depth of one of the most interesting ravines, both for its natural scenery and geological structure in the country."

WILLIAM DUNLAP

In 1814, when the British attacked the National Capital, Washington Irving offered his services to his country, and Governor Daniel B. Tompkins of New York, immediately appointed him his aide and military secretary. "Colonel" Washington Irving at once secured material assistance for á struggling artist friend by suggesting to Governor Tompkins the appointment of William Dunlap, later founder of the National Academy of Design and a pupil of Benjamin West, as Assistant Paymaster General of the State of New York. Mr. Dunlap was busily engaged painting portraits when notified of his appointment, and he writes thus of his itinerary through the state in the performance of his duties: "In paying off militia from Montauk Point to Lake Erie, I practiced my profession more than ever as an artist. A habit of early rising and pedestrian exercise gave me time to visit and make drawings of interesting spots within several miles of the place at which I was to labor the remainder of the day. * * * * * In the spring of 1823 I was invited by James H. Hackett, since so well known as a comedian, then keeping a store at Utica, to come to that place, with assurances of his engaging some work for my pencil. I proceeded from Albany, whence I took letters from Samuel Hopkins and Stephen Van Rensselaer to gentlemen in Utica, and in due time

arrived at Bagg's Hotel by stage, where I had boarded for some time in 1815 when acting as paymaster. I noted with astonishment the growth of the town since my visit eight years before. Mr. Hackett received me cordially, and I found old acquaintances in James and Walter Cochrane, and made lasting friends in John H. Lothrop, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Ontario, Edmund A. Wetmore, since his son-in-law, and Mr. Walker and his son Thomas. In short, during a spring and summer residence, I became much at home in Utica and painted a number of portraits. With my taste for the picturesque and more for rambling, it may be supposed that I did not miss the opportunity the neighborhood afforded of visiting Trenton Falls, to which place I rode once and once walked, stopping a day and making sketches."

ALEXANDER MACKAYE

Among illustrious Englishmen who came to Trenton in the good old days, were Alexander Mackaye and Anthony Trollope. The former, an eminent journalist, traveled much in America and published in 1849 "The Western World," in three volumes, the most complete work upon the United States which had yet appeared. Mr Mackaye came from Niagara in the month of August, 1847, and was charmed with the beauties of the Genesee country as he journeyed through western New York.

Like all foreigners he was amazed at the strangely

incongruous nomenclature of the region and says: "Names are jumbled together in ludicrous juxtaposition; sometimes one and the same county in the New World contains two towns for which there was scarcely room enough on two continents in the Old; a singular circumstance, when one considers the many beautiful and expressive Indian names which might have been appropriated. Leaving Niagara, one of the first places you meet is Attica, from which a single stage brings you to Batavia. A little to the east of Rochester you pass through Egypt to Palmyra, whence you proceed to Vienna, and shortly afterwards arrive at Geneva. Ithaca is some distance off to the right, while Syracuse, Rome, Utica, follow in succession to the eastward. It is a pity that the people have not contented themselves with indigenous names."

Emerging from the long stretch of dense forest, the "Oneida Woods," Mr. Mackaye reached the Mohawk Valley and soon found himself in Utica, of which he says: "This is a fine town with from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. The Erie Canal passes through the center of it, and it is crossed at right angles by the noble Genesee street which, as seen from the canal bridge, is exceedingly striking." Mr. Mackaye was reminded of his visit to Utica a few years before, when he strolled into the Supreme Court of the State, then in session in the city, and found James Fenimore Cooper trying his own case against William L. Stone, editor of a New York paper, whom he had sued for libel.

"The tourist," writes Mr. Mackaye, "should always make a halt at Utica to visit the falls of Trenton in its neighborhood. On the morning after my arrival I hired a conveyance and proceeded to them. Immediately upon leaving the city I crossed the Mohawk—here a sluggish stream of insignificant dimensions. Moore must have seen it much lower down, ere he could speak of the 'mighty Mohawk.' The road then led, for nearly a couple of miles, over a tract of rich bottom land, as flat as the fertile levels of the Genesee valley. It then rose for the next six miles by a succession of gentle slopes, which constitute the northern side of the valley of the Mohawk. On reaching the summit I turned to look at the prospect behind me. It was magnificent. The valley in its entire breadth lay beneath me. As far as the eye could reach it was cultivated like a garden. On the opposite side of the river, whose serpentine course I could trace for miles, lay Utica, its skylights and tin roofs glistening like silver in the mid-day sun. The opposite side of the valley was dotted with villages, some of which were plainly visible to me, although from twelve to twenty miles distant in a straight aerial line. For the rest of the way to Trenton the road descended by a series of sloping terraces, similar to those by which it had risen from the valley.

"After taking some refreshment at the hotel, which is beautifully situated, spacious and comfortable, and which at the time was full of visitors, I descended the precipitous bank to look at the falls. I dropped by a

steep, zigzag staircase of prodigious length, to the margin of the stream, which flowed in a volume as black as ink over its gray rocky bed. Frowning precipices rose for some distance on either side, overhung with masses of rich, dark green foliage. A projecting mass of rock immediately on my left seemed to interpose an effectual barrier to my progress up the stream. But on examining it more carefully, I found it begirt with a narrow ledge overhanging the water, along which a person with a tolerably cool head could manage to proceed by laying hold of the chain, fastened for his use to the precipice on his left. On doubling this point the adventurous tourist is recompensed for all the risks incurred by the sight which he obtains of the lower fall. It is exceedingly grand, but it is the accompanying scenery, more than the cataract itself, that excites your admiration. The opposite bank is high and steep, but not precipitous, and is buried in verdure; whilst that on which you stand rises for about two hundred feet like a gray wall beside you. * * * Climbing from ledge to ledge, the friendly chain aiding you, every now and then in your course you find yourself on a line with the upper level of the fall. Here the cataract next in order comes in full view, and a magnificent object it is, as its broken and irregular aspect rivets your attention. It is by far the largest fall of the whole series, being, in fact, more like two falls close together, than one. There are two successive plunges, the first being perpendicular, and the second, a short but fierce rapid foaming between them, being

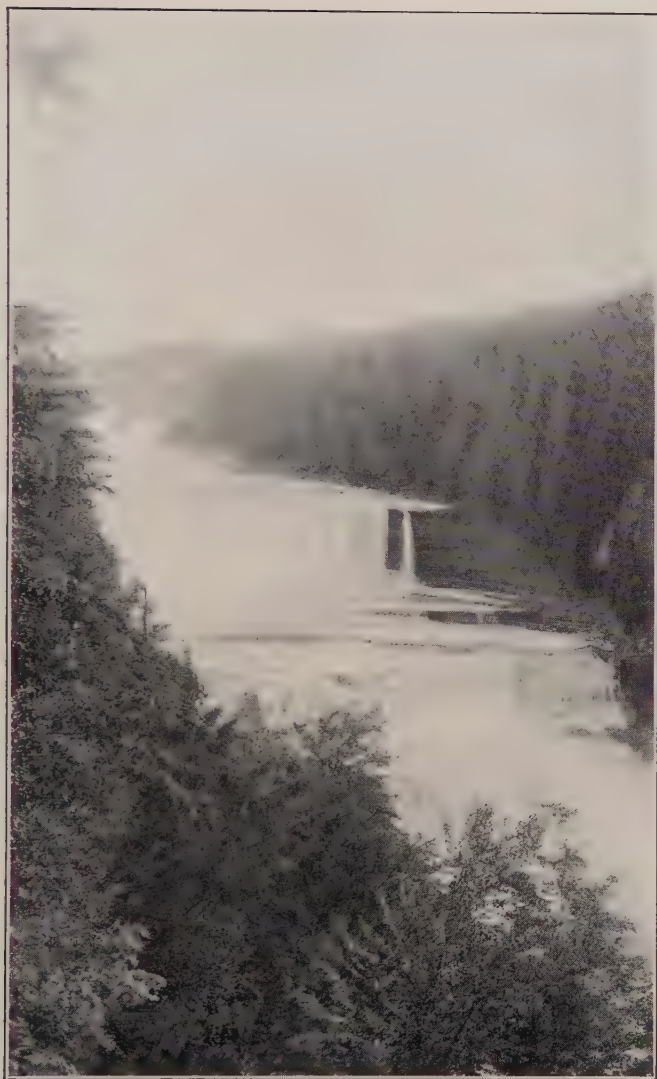
divided into a succession of short leaps by the jagged and irregular ledge over which it is taken. By the time you reach the level of the top of this fall, by climbing the steep and slippery rock, you reach the wooded part of the bank. Your progress is now comparatively easy, the path occasionally leading you beneath the refreshing shade of the large and lofty trees. Below you had the naked rock rising in one unbroken volume precipitously overhead; but you have now on either side what may be regarded more as the ruin of rock, the trees with which both banks are covered springing, for most part, from between huge detached masses, which seem to have been confusedly hurled from some neighboring height.

“The channel of the stream is broad and shallow up to the next fall, which in its dimensions and appearance, resembles a mill-dam. Above, the river contracts again, until in some places it is only a few yards wide, where it foams and roars as it rushes in delicious whirl over its rocky bed. A little way up is the last cataract, the most interesting in some respects, although the smallest of all (the Cascade of the Alhambra). To pass it you have to turn a projecting point, the narrow footpath bringing you almost in contact with the rushing tide. Here the chain is almost indispensable for safety. The gorge through which the West Canada Creek here forces its way, is about two miles in length. I managed with great difficulty, and with the aid of a guide, to ascend it to the small village above, returning to the hotel by the open road leading along the top of the bank.”

TRENTON FALLS

“Thine is the charm, O Kauyahoora bright!
’Tis not the infant cascade’s airy dress
Nor old Niagara’s sacerdotal robe
That clothes thy stream between these knightly cliffs;
But, in the amber, seemly and mature,
Of rich experience and hopeful strength
Thou’rt clad; and when Apollo from his height
Above the trees (Briareus-like that lift
Their hundred arms aloft in mute surprise)
Smiles on thee, thou in turn dost smile.
The golden glory of thy graceful form,
With silver sandals shod, moves down the slope
In conscious loveliness and majesty.
Far down below, I mark the fretted foam
Dash on the broad-tiled roof, beneath whose eaves
The water-sprites must dwell. These issue forth
Anon in merry troops to sweep away
The vagrant spray, that, like a diamond dust
Bestrews the verdure of thy lichen’d walls.”

L. V. F. RANDOLPH.



HIGH FALLS FROM IRVING POINT

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Hastening from Buffalo to New York in the fall of 1861, the novelist, Anthony Trollope, writes in his work entitled "North America": "We had before us only two points of interest—the Falls of Trenton and West Point. The hotel at Trenton was closed for the season, I was told, but even if there were no hotel there the place can be visited without difficulty, as it is within carriage drive of Utica, and there is a direct railway from Utica with a station at Trenton Falls. Utica is a town on the line of railway from Buffalo to New York via Albany, and is like all the other towns we have visited. There are broad streets, and avenues of trees, and large shops, and excellent houses. A general air of fat prosperity pervades them all, and is strong at Utica as elsewhere.

"I remember to have been told thirty years ago that a traveller might go far and wide in search of the picturesque, without finding a spot more romantic in its loveliness than Trenton Falls. The name of the river is Canada Creek West; but as that is hardly euphonious, the course of the water which forms the falls has been called after the town or parish. This course is nearly two miles in length, and along the space it is impossible to state where the greatest beauty exists. To see Trenton aright one must be careful not to have too much water. If there is too much the passage up

the rocks along the river is impossible. The way on which the tourist should walk becomes the bed of the stream, and the great charm of the place cannot be enjoyed. That charm consists in descending into the ravine of the river, down amidst the rocks through which it has cut its channel, and in walking up the bed against the stream, and in climbing the sides of the various falls, every foot of the way being wildly beautiful. * * * * Up beyond the summer-house the passage along the river can be continued another mile, but it is rough, and the climbing in some places rather difficult for ladies. Every man, however, should do it, for the succession of rapids, the twisting of the channels, and the forms of the rocks are as wild and beautiful as the imagination can desire. The banks of the river are closely wooded on each side; and though this circumstance does not at first seem to add much to the beauty, seeing that the ravine is so deep that the absence of wood above would hardly be noticed, still there are broken clefts ever and anon through which the colors of the foliage show themselves, and add to the wildness and charm of the whole.

“The walk back from the summer-house through the wood is very lovely; but it would be a disappointing walk to visitors who have been prevented by a flood in the river from coming up the channel, for it indicates plainly how requisite it is that the river should be seen from below and not from above. The best view of the larger fall is that seen from the wood (Irving Point). We found a small hotel open at Tren-

ton, at which we got a comfortable dinner, and then in the evening were driven back to Utica."

An entertaining book on the United States and Canada, entitled "Life and Liberty in America," was published in 1859 by the English poet, author and lecturer, Charles Mackaye. He did not visit the popular Trenton Falls, and he tells us why, in the sketches of his tour in this country. "Early in November, 1857," Mr. Mackaye writes, "I took the train at Boston for Niagara. My first resting place was Albany, the next Utica, where it was my original intention to remain two or three days to visit the Trenton Falls, as beautiful, though not so grand as Niagara, though by many travellers preferred to the more stupendous marvel of the two. But on learning that the hotel, the only house in the place, had long been closed for the season, I held on my way. A sudden fall of snow just as I was debating the question, was the last feather that broke the back of the camel of Doubt and made me press on to my journey's end."

Mrs. M. C. HOUSTOUN

In the thirties an English author, Mrs. Hustoun, visited America, and the result was two volumes of description of sights and scenes in the New World entitled, "Hesperus, or Travels in the West." Mrs. Hustoun landed in Boston in October, proceeded to Albany, and pushed on to Niagara with all haste, lest the trees should be denuded of their beautiful au-

tumn foliage before she reached the object of her dreams. But Trenton lay in her way and she could not pass it by! Enroute the rich valley of the Mohawk excited her admiration, of which she says: "After passing Schenectady we travelled through some exceedingly beautiful scenery. During the latter part of the day's journey we passed through several pleasant looking villages, the beauty of one of which deserves to be recorded by the magic pen of Miss Mitford herself. It lay imbedded between high granite rocks, from the clefts in which the pine and the cypress shot their dark green foliage; while a beautiful fall of the Mohawk dashed along through the narrow valley, and glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. Altogether, I thought it one of the most lovely spots on which my eye had ever rested. Its name is Little Falls. * * * * I never saw so busy a place as Utica. The stores, which are large and handsome, seem to contain everything that the most unreasonable person could possibly desire, and the demand was evidently as great as the supply. This was the more remarkable, from the circumstance that Utica has sprung up with mushroom-like rapidity in the very heart of the wilderness. The Erie Canal and the railroad, both of which run through the town, have done wonders for it, and the surrounding country is one of the richest and best cultivated in the United States. We have taken up our quarters at Bleecker's Hotel; it is an immense building, but a considerable portion of it is shut up for the season.



THE CASCADE OF THE ALHAMBRA WHERE THE WATERS "LEAP AND
FOAM AND PLAY"

“Of course, the main object of our curiosity was the celebrated Trenton Falls, and we lost no time gratifying it. The morning after our arrival, therefore, we arose betimes and having hired a light barouche, drawn by a pair of good shaped, active horses, we prepared to set off on our expedition. The distance to the falls is about fifteen miles, and the owner of the vehicle informed us that the road was ‘first-rate.’ The morning was fine, and a crowd of well-wishers were assembled at the door of the hotel to see the Britishers off. The landlord took especial care in providing for our comfort, and as we rattled off, there was a cheering shout ‘All right!’ ‘Go ahead!’ which was heard half way down the street. We had not proceeded far when we began to suspect that the ‘first-rate’ road of which we had heard existed only in the imagination of the livery stable keeper. Nothing, in short, but the distant hope of arriving at last at Trenton Falls would have supported us through the bumping and jolting we underwent. (This was before the highway had been improved by the building of the plank road in 1851.) In the course of three hours, and not before—for there is much up-hill and down-hill work—we reached the inn to which travellers in search of the picturesque must betake themselves, for it is the only house in sight of the falls. The hotel is situated on the borders of the forest, and looks over a great extent of country; but on arriving at its door, which stood invitingly open, we were quite unprepared to find such grand scenery so

immediately in its neighborhood. Owing to the lateness of the season, the house was nearly without inhabitants.

“Guides or helps there were none, but we were told that we could not mistake our way to the falls; so, without delay, we followed the path pointed out to us. On arriving at the high bank of the river, which is a few hundred yards from the hotel, we descended the long flight of steps and found ourselves at the bottom of a chasm down which the river rushes with inconceivable force. The platform on which we stood was a smooth slab of stone, broad, level and slippery, and the black and brawling stream was on a level with this natural pavement. The river was not wide, and as we watched it pursuing its vexed and tumultuous course within a few feet of where we stood, I could almost have fancied it some living thing, fretting at the vast and insurmountable impediments which nature had placed in its way. On either side of it rose perpendicular rocks of black limestone, the strata being so exactly horizontal and equal in thickness, that one could hardly help imagining it to be the work of human hands. About half way up these natural and fearful boundaries grew small and stunted trees, clinging for life to the narrow fissures in the rocks and bending down their heads towards the mighty torrent. Above these dwarf cypress and hemlock shrubs, rose high in air the giant trees of the primeval forests, which nearly met above our heads. And there above was the glorious sky, reduced to a narrow strip of blue by distance, and the awful

rocks on either side of us. We turned our eyes upward to gaze on it, and then the sensation of awe and wonder was complete.

“At this time the falls were still hidden from our view by a projecting elbow in the rock, at the very base of which the angry waters rushed with tenfold impetuosity. Round this point it was absolutely necessary that we should make our way, with the waters boiling at our feet. The path along which we had to creep was very narrow, and I clung to the chain with a grasp rendered convulsive by a sense of the imminent danger of our position. Having rounded the point I was amply repaid for all the terror I had undergone. The gorge beyond it becomes considerably wider, and as we looked up the stream a succession of magnificent waterfalls greeted our sight. The lowest was spanned by a frail bridge, but to attempt to describe the scene upon which we gazed from it would be in vain. A wild waste of glittering and turbulent waters below, and the glorious forests above and about us, formed a picture which must be seen ere it can be appreciated.

“When we returned to our inn by the way we had come, our host urged us to take a view of the falls from some high ground about a mile and a half from the house. The view from this point was, he assured us, even more beautiful than the one we had seen. But we had had (for that day at least) enough of such exciting scenes, and we agreed to spend the night and put off till the next day the sequel of sight-seeing. The sun

rose in all its bright autumnal beauty and saw us early on foot; and that forest walk, even if there had been no cataract view at the end of it, would, I think, have repaid me for any exertion. We did not miss our way, though we had great difficulty in tracing the path, so completely was it hidden by fallen leaves. After a time, however, the task became easier as the distant roar of the falls guided us to the spot from whence we were to view them. The trees grew very closely together, and much of their foliage was gone, though enough still remained for beauty, and the tints were exquisite. A thick undergrowth of sycamore and yew covered the ground, while here and there a fallen tree, green with the moss of years, and shaded by fern leaves, offered a tempting seat. Many a little grey squirrel, startled by our voices, tripped up the stems of the trees, or sprang from one leafless bough to another for greater security. I neither saw nor heard a single bird, though the day was warm, and the sun shone brightly. Many, I suppose, had already taken their early flight to some brighter land, like sensible birds as they were, for a winter in this rigorous climate would not leave many alive to tell the tale of their sufferings. The falls, above which, after many restings and delays, we arrived at last, are indeed beautiful. I was able to approach near enough to feel the light spray upon my face, and to find our voices perfectly inaudible by the din of the falling waters. There is a perpendicular rock over which the water falls from the height of a hundred feet. In the cen-

ter the fierce torrent divides, leaving the rock bare for a considerable space. At the base of the rock the two torrents unite again on a broad flat surface from which they again descend, boiling and foaming down rocky steps and gigantic stones, till the whole falls together into the deep natural basin I have before attempted to describe. * * * * * I have said what I could of Trenton Falls, but after having done so, I'am only the more convinced of the utter impossibility of conveying to the mind of another any adequate idea of the reality of their overpowering beauty."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

My keen enjoyment and zest in the compilation of this offering to one of Nature's master-pieces reached its culmination when I discovered James Russell Lowell and his lovely young wife, Maria White, at Trenton Falls—and this in company with that captivating little woman, the Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer! In her "Homes of the New World," published in 1853, she has presented no more charming picture than life at Elmwood, as she found it when she visited the Lowell's in December, 1849.

"Such a handsome, happy couple," she writes, "one can hardly imagine. He is full of life and youthful ardor, and she is one of the most lovable women I have met in this country, because her beauty is full of soul and grace, as is everything which she does and says."

Lowell's impression of their honored guest is recorded in this letter to an intimate friend: "Fredrika Bremer stayed three weeks with us, and I do not *like* her, I *love* her. She is one of the most beautiful persons I have ever known—so clear, so simple, so right-minded and hearted, and so full of judgment. I believe she liked us, too, and had a good time."

Ideal traveling companions they, and we can fancy with what enthusiasm the three planned a pleasure trip together! Before Miss Bremer left Boston to visit the southern states, she agreed to meet the "young Lowells" the next summer to visit Niagara, which Mrs. Lowell had never seen. I take up Miss Bremer's account in September, 1850, when the party set out at Albany to enjoy the long anticipated treat: "The journey was glorious through the beautiful, fertile Mohawk Valley. The sun shone brilliantly over the rich landscape as we flew along the excellent railroad toward the West—the land of promise. My young friends enjoyed it as much as I did.

"In the evening we arrived at Utica, where we were to remain one night. And while Maria rested, and James made arrangements for our next day's journey to Trenton Falls, I went out on an exploratory journey into the little city with the old republican name. 'I will go and look after Cato,' thought I to myself; 'perhaps he walks here once more.' And that he does, although in metamorphosis; that is to say, I saw upon the corners of two houses a printed placard, upon which I read, 'The tailoresses of the city of Utica call

a meeting at——, next Wednesday, to consider what means can be taken to remove the oppressions under which we labor, and how we can best obtain our rights.'

"Stern old advocate of the rights of the people who wouldst not live where thou sawest them destroyed by the hands of Caesar! old magnanimous Cato, who didst die for republican freedom—thou art the victor after all! That which thou desiredst, that for which thou foughtest, is here in this new republic, a living reality two thousand years afterward. I see and read it here; even the lowest of the people may stand up for their rights, may make their speeches in the state's forum, equally with the most powerful, and obtain justice. Old republican, thou hast conquered! Thy spirit lives here mightier than in ancient Rome. 'The tailoresses of the city of Utica' prove this in the city which bears the name of thy birthplace. Pity only that they had not drawn their advertisement better! But that is of less consequence, as its purport is clear.

"Thus I returned home, glad to have met the spirit of Cato, and to have seen in Utica many pretty and tastefully built houses surrounded by plantations. The streets in the lesser cities of America are a succession of small detached villas, with their grass plots, elegant iron palisading, and fine trees in front of the houses. It is only in those portions of the towns in which shops are to be found that the houses are built close together, and rather with an eye to the advantage of business than for beauty. Still, a handsome

appearance and good proportion are never lost sight of, and everywhere order and neatness prevail.

“‘Do you live happily and contentedly here in this city?’ inquired I of a young shopman, who looked particularly agreeable.

“‘Oh, yes, indeed,’ replied he frankly and cordially; ‘we have good friends, good neighbors, and everything good. We could not wish it better.’ An unusual state of happiness and contentment!

“The next day we went with a carriage and horses to Trenton, in order to see the waterfall, which is cousin to Niagara in reputation. It is a wild and violent fall, hurling itself through an immense chasm of rock directly down a height of certainly a quarter of an English mile. The water, which has the color of clear sherry, leaps from between the lofty, dark walls of rock, like a Berserk, from ledge to ledge in the wildest tumult, gleaming in the sun, tumbling into abysses, leaping up over masses of rock and trunks of trees, rending down and overwhelming everything in its career, flinging forth cascades of spray right and left into the wood, which stands as if dumb and trembling while the mighty giant hero passes by. It is magnificent; but too violent, too headlong. One is deafened by the thundering roar, and almost blinded by the impetuosity with which the masses of water are hurled forward. One becomes wearied by it, as one does by anything extravagant, let it be as grand as it may; one cannot hear one’s own thoughts, much less those of others, even if they are shouted into one’s ears. One



ROCKY HEART

is out-talked, outdone, out-maddened by the giant's Berserker madness. Alone in its clear and glowing color could I see the divine fire, and when standing on a rocky terrace by the side of the fall, I took off my bonnet and let the spray rain over me, as it was flung down from the water like a mist; I then felt that the Mighty One could be even gentle and refreshing.

"The scenery at Trenton is wild and picturesquely beautiful, but circumscribed. It is of Berserker character. We spent the whole day at Trenton (September 3, 1850), in company with the giant and the scenery around. The inn was a good and comfortable one, as are nearly all the inns in this country, and was situated in a romantic stretch of dale scenery. We ate well and slept well, and the next day we returned to Utica, and thence pursued our journey still farther West."

Five years later James Russell Lowell came to Trenton again, but how different the scene, how changed the circumstances! Kauyahoor's voice was still—the ice king had conquered the giant Berserk—and he was alone.

Some years ago when browsing in the rich field of Lowell's correspondence I discovered his charming description of Trenton Falls in winter, and withal a lovely picture of the ideal family life at the inn. It was in March, 1855, that this American poet and essayist paused at Utica when enroute to the west to fill several lecture engagements. After describing some disagreeable features of his journey in a letter to a

Cambridge friend, dated Madison, Wisconsin, April 9, 1855, he says: "I like to keep my promises, and as I have had one *very* pleasant adventure, I will try to make a letter of it. I have a nice little oasis to talk about. I arrived, then, at Bagg's Hotel in Utica, which (the hotel) has a railroad running *through* it—so you may fancy how pleasant it is—to dinner, and it occurred to me that it was Saturday, that I was only twelve miles from Trenton Falls, and that I had no engagement till Monday evening. To the falls, then, I would go and spend Sunday. Mr. Baggs assured me that it would be in vain; that Mr. Moore at Trenton would not 'take anybody in' (so he dubiously phrased it) in winter; that I should have my cold drive for my pains. I had travelled enough not to take anything for granted—so I hired a 'cutter' and a pair of horses and a huge buffalo skin coat to drive, and set out. It was snowy and blowy and cold, and part of the way the snow was level with the backs of the horses (Bison-skin had prophesied it, but I did not believe till I saw)—think of it, on the 24th of March! We drove fast in spite of the deep snow, for we 'had the pootiest pair o' colts that went out o' Utiky,' and in about an hour and a half drew up in front of the huge deserted hotel, its dark color looking drearier in contrast with the white snow and under the gathering twilight. I tried the front door in vain. The roll of skins suggested a door below. I went, knocked, and a grave, respectable man in black (looking not the

least like an American landlord) opened the door and said, 'Good evening, sir.'

" 'Good evening, sir. Mr. Moore, I believe?'

" 'That's my name, sir.'

" 'Can you lodge me till Monday?'

" 'We do not keep our house open in winter, and prefer to live privately, sir.'

"This was said in such a quiet way that I saw there was nothing more to be said on the tavern side—so I changed my front.

" 'I have seen the falls several times in summer,' (Mr. Lowell first visited Trenton July 31, 1836, when a student at Harvard) 'and I thought I should like to see them in their winter fashions. They must be even more beautiful, I fancy. I hoped also to have a quiet Sunday here, after a week's railroading'—and I gave a despairing look at the gloomy weather and the heap of bison skin.

"Mr. Moore loves his falls and I had touched him.

" 'I will ask Mrs. Moore, and see what she says; she will have all the trouble.'

"He opened the door, said something I could not hear, and instantly a sweet, motherly voice said:

" 'Certainly, by all means.'

" 'Mrs. Moore says she will be happy to have you stay. Walk in, sir. I will have your luggage attended to.'

"Meanwhile I had not told Mr. Moore my name, of which (however illustrious) I feared he might never

have heard, and there was no mark on trunk or carpet-bag by which he could discover it.

"Presently we sat down to tea and I was charmed with the gentle and affectionate atmosphere of the family. There was a huge son and two little girls and a boy—I wish Wendell Holmes could have seen them—the stoutest children I ever saw. Then there was a daughter-in-law, a very sweet looking girl, with her first child, a lovely baby of a year old who never cried. I know that first babies never do—but *he* never *did*. After tea Mr. Moore and I smoked and talked together. I found him a man with tastes for medals, pictures, engravings, music and fruit culture. He played very well on a parlor organ and knew many artists whom I also knew. Moreover, he was a Unitarian. So we got along nicely. Mrs. Moore was handsome and gentle, and a great grand-daughter of Roger Sherman. After our cigars, Mr. Moore showed me his books, and among others the 'Homes of American Authors' (published by George P. Putnam in 1853). He asked me if I had seen it. Here was a chance for me to introduce myself quietly, so I said, 'Yes, and I will show you where I live.' I showed him accordingly the picture of Elmwood, and he grew more friendly than ever.

"I went out in the night to get my first view of the falls, refusing to be accompanied, and profusely warned of the ravine's frozen and slippery edges. They were slippery, but I did not tumble in, as you see. As I looked down into the gorge, after wandering through the giant hemlocks, nothing could

be finer. The edges of the stream were frozen and covered with light, new-fallen snow, so that by contrast the stream seemed black, wholly black. The night gave mystery to the profound abyss, and I fancied that it was the Water of Oblivion I was gazing down at. From afar I heard the murmur of the first fall, and though I thought I had understood Goethe's 'Fisher' as I have sat by the side of the sea, I never had fully till now. I felt again a true poetic enthusiasm revive in me, dead for so long. I feared to stay; there was such an impulse to leap down. For the first time I became conscious of the treachery of the ice-edge and walked back cautiously into the wood. Then I made my way among the trees and over fallen hemlock trunks, guided by the increasing murmur, to the first fall. I now found why there was so little roar. The fall was entirely muffled in ice. I could just see it through the darkness, a wall, or rather, veil of ice covering it wholly. It was perfectly a frozen waterfall, as I discovered the next morning, for the front of it had thawed in the sun, so that it was polished as water, and was ribbed and wrinkled like a cascade, while the heap of snowy debris below made the spray.

"I went back to the house and (charming inconsistency of this double nature of ours!) with the tears scarce dry in my eyes, sat down to smoke another cigar with Mr. Moore and to play Dr. Busby with the children." Here the letter is interrupted, but Mr. Lowell adds the following at the Burnett House, Cin-

cinnati, April 12th: "In the morning Mr. Moore took me out and showed the best points of view, after which he considerably left me. It was a cold morning and the spray, as it rose, crystalized in feathers on the shrubs and trees and sides of the gorge. For a few moments the sun shone and lighted up all these delicate ice ferns, which in texture were like those star-shaped flakes that fall from very cold clouds. Afterwards I saw Niagara, but he is a coarser artist and had plastered all the trees like alabaster. He is a clumsy fellow compared with Kauyahoora. The ice work along the rocks at Trenton is very lovely. Sometimes it hangs lightly, honeycombed by the sun, and bent by the wind from the fall as it froze, looking like the Venetian lace drapery of an altar. At other times it has frozen in filtering stalactites, precisely like organ pipes."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

The following glowing tribute paid to Trenton by George William Curtis abounds in exquisite imagery: "In Longfellow's delicious proem to the 'Waif,' he invokes the singing of a song of rest. Sometimes, urges the poet, let us escape the battle cry and the bugle call, and repose that we may the better wrestle.

" 'Such songs have the power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.' "

"Trenton is that summer song of rest.

"Only lovely images haunt its remembrance, beautiful as the Iris which, in some happy moment of the ramble through the ravine, spans the larger or lesser fall. Beauty and grace are its praises. You hear them from those who are either hurrying to the grandeur of Niagara, or from those who returning, step aside at Utica to enjoy the music of the greater cataract, softened here at Trenton into an exquisite echo. It matters little when you see these falls, whether before or after Niagara. The charm of Trenton is unique, and you will not scorn the violets and lilies because you knelt to the passion-flowers and roses. In the prime of a summer which, from the abundant rains, is singularly unworn and unwithered, a day at Trenton, because of its rare and picturesque attractions, is like a feast of flowers. In some choice niche of memory you will lay it aside, not as a sublime statue, but as a vase most delicate and symmetrical, and chased with pastoral tracery.

"Poets' fancies only should image the falls, they are so rich and rare a combination of picturesque beauty! You descend from a lofty wood into a long, rocky chasm, which the Germans would call a *Grund*, for it is not a valley. It is walled and paved with smooth rocks, and the thronging forest fringes the summit of the wall. The chasm almost closes up the river, and you see a foamy cascade above. Then, as if the best beauty and mystery were beyond, you creep along a narrow ledge in the rockside of the throat

of the gorge, the water whirling and bubbling beneath, and reach the first fall. A slight spray enfolds you as a baptism in the spirit of the place. A broad ledge of the rock here offers firm and sufficient foothold while you gaze at the falls. Before you is a level parapet of rock, and the river, after sliding very shallowly over the broad bed above, concentrates mainly at one point for a fall, and plunges in a solid amber sheet.

"Close by the side of this you climb, and pass along the base of the overhanging mountain, and stooping under the foot of an imperial cliff, stand before the Great Fall, which has two plunges, a long one above, from which the river sheers obliquely over a polished floor of rock, and then again plunges. The river bends here, and a high, square, regular bank projects from the cliff, smooth as a garden terrace, and perpetually veiled and softened by the spray. It is one of the most beautiful and boldest points in the long ravine, and when the late light of afternoon falls soft upon it, there is a strange contrast in your feelings as visions of Boccaccio's garden mingle with the wildness of American woods."

"Howadji" found the "Rural Retreat," overlooking the wonderful High Falls, an ideal spot to rest and muse. Visions of many wild and beautiful scenes in foreign lands came before his eyes, as he gazed upon the enchanting scene. The spell, the witchery of the ceaseless flowing amber fall conjured up names, places, and memories, which he ever after associated with Trenton Falls. Of the hotel he says: "There



THE PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

is something especially pleasant in the tranquil, family-like character of the house at Trenton. It is by far the best hostelry of the kind that I have encountered in my summer wandering; and, lying away from any town or railroad, the traveller seems to have stepped back into the days when travelling was an event and not a habit, and when the necessity of moderation in speed imposed a corresponding leisure in enjoyment.

“Do not fail to see Trenton. It is various-voiced. It is the playing of lutes on the moonlight lawn—as Stoddard sings. It is well to listen for it in the steam-shriek of our career. For if once your fancy hears its murmur, you will be as the boatman who catches through the roar of the Rhine, the song of the Lorelei, and you too will be won to delicious repose.”

JENNY LIND

Mr. Curtis gives a delightful account of his drive to Trenton in the summer of 1851. Upon his arrival at Utica he found that the regular coach had left for the falls. He therefore engaged a little open wagon, and thus describes the journey: “My charioteer was a fine boy of sixteen. He whipped along over the plank road and gossiped about the people and the places we passed. He was sharp-eyed and clear-minded—a bright boy who may one day be president. As we were slowly climbing the hill, he said:

“‘Have you heard Jenny Lind, sir?’ ‘Yes, often.’

“ ‘Great woman, sir. Don’t you think so?’ ‘I do.’

“ ‘She was here last week, sir.’ ‘Did you hear her?’

I asked.

“ ‘Yes, sir; and I drove her to the falls—that is, Tom Higgins drove, and I sat on the box.’ ‘And was she pleased?’

“ ‘Yes, sir; only when she was going to see the falls, everybody in the hotel ran to the door to look at her, so she went back to her room and then slipped out the back door. But there was something better than that, sir.’ ‘What was that?’

“ ‘She gave Tom Higgins fifty dollars when he drove her back. But there was still something better than that, sir.’

“ ‘Indeed! what was that?’

“ ‘Why, sir, as we came back, we passed a little wood, and she stopped the carriage and stepped out with the rest of the party, and me and Tom Higgins, and went into the wood. It was toward sunset and the wood was beautiful. She walked about a little and picked up flowers, and sung, like to herself, as if it were pleasant. By and by she sat down upon a rock and began to sing aloud. But before she stopped, a little bird came and sat upon a bough close by us.

“ ‘I saw it, sir, with my own eyes, the whole of it—and when Jenny Lind had done, he began to sing and shout away like she did. While he was singing she looked delighted, and when he stopped she sang again, and—oh! it was beautiful, sir. But the little bird wouldn’t give it up, and he sang again, but not until she had done.

“Then Jenny Lind sang as well as ever she could. Her voice seemed to fill the woods all up with music, and when it was over, the little bird was still awhile, but tried it again in a few moments. He couldn’t do it, sir. He sang very bad, and then the foreign gentlemen with Jenny Lind laughed, and they all came back to the carriage.’”

Uticans who heard the Swedish nightingale have Trenton Falls to thank for the treat. As originally planned, her Niagara tour included Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. Utica was not mentioned. The *Utica Daily Gazette* for July 1, 1851 states: “Miss Jenny Lind will stop in Utica mainly to visit Trenton Falls, and has consented to sing.” An enterprising citizen had shrewdly sent her a copy of N. P. Willis’ book just published, and the concert took place Monday evening, July 14, 1851.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

Among the choice pictures which adorned the walls of the family apartments at Moore’s Hotel, was an engraving of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria with their eldest child, the Princess Royal (Empress Frederic), styled “The Royal Family at Home.” The original, Landseer’s painting, hangs in the Queen’s sitting room at Windsor. The copy at Trenton was a gift to Mr. Moore from a distinguished visitor who inscribed beneath the picture, “From your humble servant, Frances Anne Kemble.”

In response to my letter of inquiry, Owen Wister, the author, writes: "I well remember visiting Trenton Falls when a child with my parents, and of hearing my grandmother, Mrs. Kemble, speak of her great admiration for the beauties of the place." There are those to-day who vividly recall Dr. Owen and Mrs. Sarah Butler Wister of Philadelphia as among Trenton's most charming guests! Mr. Wister secured for me the following interesting reminiscence from a personal friend of Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. W. R. Emerson of Milton, Mass., who accompanied her upon one of her visits to Trenton Falls:

"I think it was in 1868 or 9 that I made a trip to Trenton Falls with my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick of Syracuse and their children, and Mrs. Kemble. Mr. Moore received us at the door of the hotel and we all went at once into the garden before entering the house. Mrs. Kemble was delighted with a bunch of roses which Mr. Moore gathered for her as we went along. Mr. Moore descended to the falls with us. The weather was perfect and the hare-bells fringed the stream. Mrs. Kemble had an intense love for all streams, and her mind was divided between her joy in the beauty of the place and her terror lest she should lose her footing and plunge into the water. We spent a week at Trenton, and both Mr. and Mrs. Moore did everything to make our stay delightful."

Aside from the two poems written at Trenton Falls contained in the volume of her verse, Mrs. Kemble alludes to the place in the "Records" of her life. In

1833, during one of her early American Shakesperian tours, she writes from Montreal to a friend in England: "We have gone up the Hudson, seen Trenton the most beautiful and Niagara the most awful of waterfalls." Speaking of her intense love and fascination for "bright water," Mrs. Kemble says: "I think a very attached maid of mine once saved my life by the tearful exhortation with which she opposed the bewitching invitations of the topaz colored, flashing rapids of Trenton Falls, that looked to me in some parts so shallow, as well as so bright, that I was just on the point of stepping into them, charmed by the exquisite confusion of musical voices with which they were persuading me, when suddenly a large tree-trunk shot down their flashing surface and was tossed over the fall below, leaving me to the natural conclusion, 'Just such a log should I have been, if I had gone in there.' Indeed, my worthy Marie, overcome by my importunity, having selected what seemed to her a safe, and to me a very tame, bathing place in another part of the stream, I had every reason from my experience at the difficulty of withstanding its powerful current, to congratulate myself upon not having tried the experiment nearer to one of the 'springs' of the lovely torrent, whose Indian name is the 'Leaping Water.' "

MADAME EMMA WILLARD

Madame Emma Willard, founder of the famous school at Troy, was a great lover of nature, and in the summer of 1839 wrote her sister: "I have been to Trenton Falls which, I think, could never have appeared more beautiful, as there was a great deal of water, and the trees were in full foliage, and yet in vernal freshness. I was more venturesome in exploring the shelving rocks than I intended to be. I seem, amid such inspiring scenes, to lose the feeling of personal danger. Mr. Hart was with me. We descended three hundred feet, and then on a shelf of rock, which art had lent her aid to make continuous, we wended our way through the rocks above and below us, sometimes slightly inclined, sometimes perpendicular. The torrent below was foaming and maddening along, and the opposite bank near us rising so as to make its outline, as we looked up, above the mild heaven. While I stood here my thoughts were those of solemn and heavenly musing. Mr. Hart and I made some observations on the sound of the cataract. We stood in one place where we could make with our voices a musical sound in perfect unison with the falling waters at other places. It was a deeper, lower sound than any human voice could make, but the different sounds appeared to be either octaves, thirds, or fifths—in that all were harmonious. Now, if this is so, and I believe it is, it is a

very curious fact, and shows how the sound of falling waters is so pleasant to a musical ear."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

In the summer of 1843 the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, honored the city of Utica by his presence. Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, wife of the grandson of James Monroe, describes this visit in her entertaining book "*As I Remember; Recollections of American Society during the Nineteenth Century*": "I spent several weeks as the guest of the financier and author, Alexander B. Johnson, in Utica, New York. Mrs. Johnson's maiden name was Abigail Louisa Smith Adams, and she was the daughter of Charles Adams, son of President John Adams. During my visit there her uncle, John Quincy Adams, came to Utica to visit his relatives, and I had the pleasure of being a guest of the family at the same time. He was accompanied upon this trip by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, a young grandson whose name I do not recall, and the father of Mrs. Adams, Peter C. Brooks of Boston, another of whose daughters was the wife of Edward Everett. Upon their arrival in Utica, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the elderly ex-President was welcomed by an old-fashioned torchlight procession. In response to urgent requests, Mr. Adams made an impromptu speech from the steps of the Johnson house, and proved himself to be indeed 'the old man eloquent.' After

the Adams party had rested for a few days, a pleasure trip to Trenton Falls in Oneida County was proposed. A few prominent citizens of Utica were invited by the Johnsons to accompany the party, and among them several well-known lawyers whose careers won for them a national as well as local reputation. Among these I may especially mention the handsome Horatio Seymour, then in his prime, whose courteous manners and manly bearing made him exceptionally attractive. Mr. Adams bore the fatigue of the trip remarkably well, and his strength seemed undiminished as the day waned."

John Quincy Adams arrived in Utica Saturday evening, July 29th, as he was about completing a tour which included Quebec, Montreal and Niagara. The Utica Daily Gazette states that on Sunday he attended Trinity Church in the morning, the Reformed Dutch in the afternoon, and the First Presbyterian in the evening. On Monday he was waited upon by a committee of citizens, and a public reception was arranged for Tuesday, August 1st, at ten in the morning, at which time he met a large concourse of people in the drawing room of the Bleecker House (which adjoined Bagg's Hotel on the north), and in the evening the ladies paid their respects to the ex-President at the home of Mr. Johnson.

MISS AMELIA M. MURRAY

Governor and Mrs. Horatio Seymour brought an enthusiastic geologist, botanist and artist to Trenton Falls in July, 1855, the Honorable Amelia M. Murray, one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor. During her travels in this country her superior scientific knowledge brought her in close contact with Prof. Asa Gray and Prof. Louis Aggasiz. Naturally such a devoted student of nature would be charmed with Trenton and Miss Murray expresses her appreciation in her published "Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada":

"Trenton Falls, July 8: This is the most charming rural hotel I have seen in America; it is situated in almost a dense hemlock spruce forest, and has a garden quite English in style and neatness; and the rooms, brightly clean and comfortable, are decorated with prints and drawings chosen with artistic taste. Everything about it is in accordance with the beauty and magnificence of its natural scenery; no forced ornaments or glaring paint jars upon the feelings or hurts the eye. Here is a kind of mesmeric influence which impresses the heart unconsciously: a sincere worshipper of Nature is at once assured that one of her most lovely shrines cannot be desecrated. Mr. Moore is worthy of Trenton both by taste and education. The name Trenton was formerly Olden Barneveld; one re-

grets it although originating from the Hollanders, for the Indian appropriate appellation was 'Kauyahoorá' (leaping waters) and the river Kanata (Amber river) was equally descriptive; for at some places the falls resemble liquid amber, and occasionally the tumbling stream seems to have an edging of gold. The Governor and Mrs. Seymour first took me to see it from the forest walk, where the chasm below resembled that of the Tilt at Blair Athol, only filled by a wider, larger river, and by a succession of higher falls.

"After dinner Mr. Moore took us for a long walk, over wall and fence, to see a railroad in process of formation. Upon our way back he was so obliging as to accede to my wish and take me into a forest swamp to see the moccasin flower growing; as we had to go down a steep woody hill, guided by a man living near, the rest of the party, excepting one young man, deserted. I was fully repaid for a rather difficult scramble by finding numbers of the beautiful pink *Cypripedium spectabile* (I should not call it purple) and *Lillum Canadense* by its side. The latter I have occasionally seen by the edge of railroads, but I never before gathered it. The pretty little white anemone-like-looking *Dalibarda repens* was also in flower all over the adjoining banks.

"The next morning Mr. Moore took charge of us during a walk to all the falls along the edge of the torrent; without his experienced guidance I should have been afraid to have undertaken this, but as the water was high enough for beauty and not too high for safety,

it was very enjoyable. I sketched the three principal cataracts. It will not do to compare Trenton with Niagara, it is entirely different, but certainly after Niagara I prefer Trenton to any other water scenery in America."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

In the month of June, 1862, the poet, Longfellow, joined a party of friends for a visit to Niagara Falls, which he had never visited, taking his sons with him. After resuming his Journal, following the long break caused by the death of Mrs. Longfellow, among the first records are these: "June 4th, 1862. A rainy day to begin the Niagara journey. On, on, on, all day long, reach Albany at five, to Utica on the 5th by rail. There we took a carriage for Trenton Falls. Dine and then go down the steep steps to the lovely river, rushing, roaring, along its banks of stone, through a deep, wooded ravine. We follow it up for miles; all loveliness, and a little spice of danger from a slip on the narrow ledges. A nice hotel, and a good host, fond of music and art, and possessing two parlor organs and a piano, and rooms full of pictures. Go down to the river at night. Black and fearful is it in the deep ravine, with flashes of white foam, and the waterfalls calling and beckoning. June 6th. Down at the river before breakfast. In the afternoon another ramble up the beautiful river. It is very lovely."

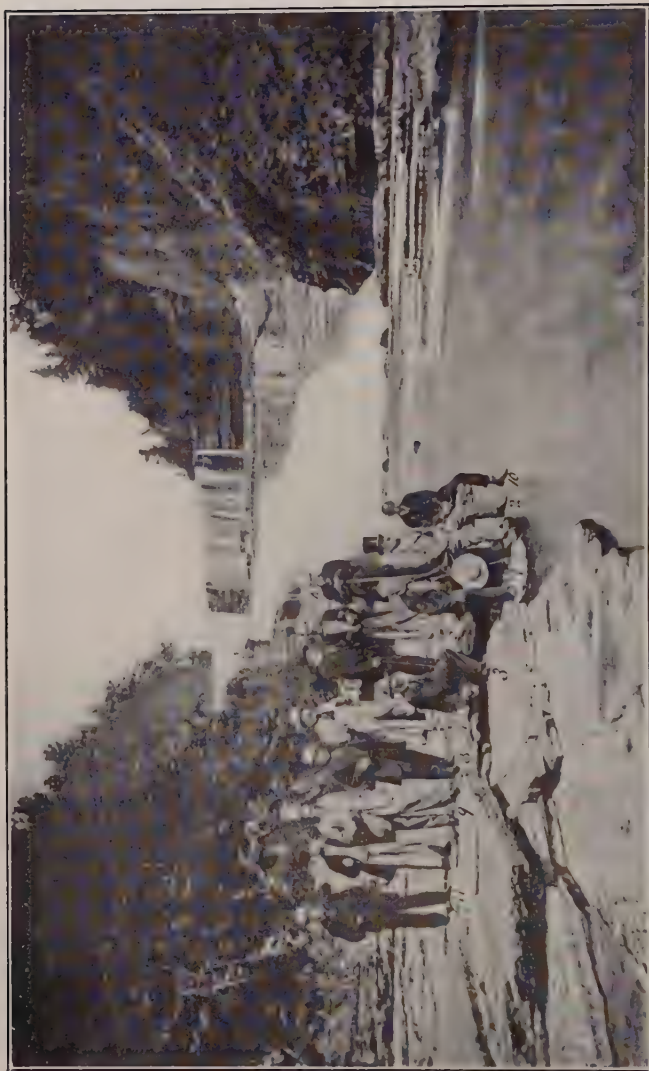
Mr. Longfellow must have heard the praises of

Trenton sung by his brilliant brother-in-law, "Tom" Appleton, the famous Boston wit who visited the falls on his journey to Niagara in 1847.

NEWMAN HALL

When on his way from Saratoga to Niagara in the fall of 1867, the Reverend Newman Hall left the train at Utica to visit Trenton Falls and writes in his "Notes of Travel in America": "We engaged a capital 'waggon' with a pair of spanking trotters, for ten dollars for the fourteen mile drive and had our first experience of plank roads. Sometimes we rolled along with delicious smoothness. Sometimes, where the planks had become uneven, we enjoyed some delightful tossings and bumpings. Our driver told us that from December to April the whole country is covered with snow, and that the 'waggon' are laid up, and sleighs alone employed.

"The falls extend about two miles through a forest, the trees overhanging the narrow gorge through which the swift stream has cut its way. The water clear and transparent, was of that rich brown tint which artists love so well. I was reminded of the falls of the Clyde, though Trenton is on a smaller scale. I shall never forget the beauty of the scene at sunset; the narrow gorge, the various colored rocks, the waters rushing, pausing, plunging, reposing, dreaming, awaking, sighing, murmuring, roaring—now sparkling in the sun, now all white with foam, now black beneath the overhanging



SECRETARY SEWARD AND THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AT TRENTON FALLS

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Wm. H. Seward | 4. Lord Lyons, British Minister | 7. M. Bertenatti, Italian Minister |
| 2. Baron de Stroeckel, Russian Minister | 5. M. Mercier, French Minister | 8. Count Piper, Swedish Minister |
| 3. M. Malenka, Nicaraguan Minister | 6. M. Schlegel, Hanseatic Minister | 9. M. Bodisco, Sec'y Russian Legation |
| 10. Mr. Sheffield, Attache British Legation | 11. Mr. Donaldson, Mess. State Dept. U. S. A. | |

rocks—and always above the gorgeous canopy of forest foliage.”

WILLIAM H. SEWARD AND PARTY AT TRENTON FALLS

On the 18th of August, 1863, Trenton Falls was visited by a notable party of gentlemen, led by Secretary of State William H. Seward, and including the following foreign ministers: Lord Lyons of England, M. Mercier of France, M. Tassara of Spain, Baron Gerolt of Prussia, M. Molina of Nicaragua, Baron Stroeckel of Russia, Count Piper of Sweden, M. Bertenatti of Italy, M. Schleiden, Hanseatic, with several secretaries and attaches of the different legations. A greatly prized picture is that of the company taken on the spacious platform of rock just below the High Falls.

Curious for information regarding the visit of this extraordinary party to Trenton Falls, I wrote to Secretary Seward's son, General William H. Seward of Auburn, N. Y., regarding it, and learned from him that the party, by Mr. Seward's invitation, made the trip from Washington to Niagara in a special car. The excursion was planned not only for pleasure, but to impress upon the foreigners the extent and resources of the country, in its great struggle with the Rebellion—a matter in which the Powers were deeply interested at the time. Coming from New York up the Hudson River and through the Mohawk Valley, points of interest were visited on the journey through the state,

and Mr. Seward also entertained his distinguished guests at his family home at Auburn.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

August 1, 1872, the highway to Trenton wore a truly festal appearance with the Stars and Stripes floating all along the route, in honor of the President of the United States, General Grant, who, with Mrs. Grant and their sons Lieutenant Frederick and Jesse Grant, and General Horace Porter, guests of Senator and Mrs. Conkling, paid a visit to Trenton Falls upon that memorable day. A newspaper of the period states that, after dining at the hotel, the President and the gentlemen of the party walked through the glen while the ladies followed the paths above, and at about six p.m. all returned to the city.

When the Society of the Army of the Cumberland met in Utica in September, 1875, with such distinguished persons in attendance as President Grant, General Sherman, General "Joe" Hooker and General Slocum, one of the marked features of entertainment was an excursion to Oneida County's famous scenic resort, Trenton Falls.

Among the long list of prominent people not yet mentioned who visited Trenton Falls, were Joseph Bonaparte, Dewitt Clinton, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, Josiah Quincy, Amos Lawrence, Nicholas Biddle, George Ticknor, Dr. Channing, Richard Cobden, Millard Fillmore, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner,

William H. Prescott, Francis Parkman, Commodore Isaac Hull, General Winfield Scott, Louis Aggasiz, Asa Gray, Edmund Kean, Fanny Ellsler, Charlotte Cushman, Madame Alboni, Gottschalk, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Grace Greenwood, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Elihu Burritt, Peter Cooper, Edward Everett Hale, Horace Greeley, Cyrus W. Field, and Sir Leslie Stephen.

Such noted artists as George Inness, Durand, Bouteille, and Thomas Hicks found keen delight in painting this lovely scenery. Mr. Hicks so loved the place that, after spending many seasons at Moore's Hotel, he built an attractive summer home, "Thornwood"—a veritable artist's retreat—on the banks of the West Canada Creek, and here the great portrait painter passed away October 8, 1890. Year after year, with unabated interest and loyalty, his widow returns to this storied nook in Oneida County, thereby perpetuating the very finest traditions of Trenton's palmy days.

JACQUES GERARD MILBERT

An interesting picture at "Thornwood" is a copy of J. Milbert's painting of "The Great Falls of Canada Creek" which suggests the name of a visitor to Trenton one hundred years ago. A member of the Academy of Fine Arts and of "the learned societies of Philadelphia and New York," the artist and naturalist, Milbert, arrived in New York in the year 1815, to conduct

scientific researches in North America in behalf of the French government. In the published account of his journeys I discovered a most unusual description of Trenton Falls and also of the Mohawk Valley. Jacques Gerard Milbert was a most observing traveler. He largely abandoned "the expeditious public coach" to walk through some of the most picturesque sections of our country. He minutely describes the landscape between Albany and Utica which impresses him in many places as rivalling famous European scenes in beauty. "The pretty town of Utica," he says, "is a most striking example of prodigious growth in population and riches. In 1794 it consisted of only one tavern constructed of trunks of trees, intermingled with a few huts, and to-day one can count more than five hundred houses elegantly constructed and decorated. * * * * I left Utica as I intended," continues Milbert, "to visit the western branch of Canada Creek and its remarkable falls, until just now unknown to foreign travellers who come to admire the falls of Niagara. I went out early in the morning and took the beautiful toll road, called the turnpike, which leads to Ogdensburg situated on the St. Lawrence River. I hastened to arrive at the summit of the hill in order to enjoy in all its magnificence the sunrise which, contemplated from this height, presented very remarkable effects. In the plain I discovered the Mohawk like a silver furrow sparkling in the sun, reflecting the image of the trees and rustic habitations which adorn its banks. * * * * Arriving at the village of



THE NARROWS AND FIRST FALL. BY J. MILBERT
"Birds are the only inhabitants of these vast solitudes"

Trenton on Steuben Creek I sought to obtain a guide to direct me to the falls. It being Sunday, and as the sanctity of the day is religiously observed in the United States, I was unable to secure one until five o'clock the next morning. I was therefore obliged to remain in the village of Trenton and consecrated the day in studying its details. It is surrounded with hills covered with luxuriant and varied vegetation, and through the valley winds a pretty brook. A church newly constructed by its whiteness contrasts with the laughing verdure and around it are grouped pretty houses, one of them remarkable for its elegance, the residence of the agent of the Holland Company for the sale of lands. On this day the roads from different directions terminating in the village, were covered with a file of waggons and saddle horses from the surrounding country.

"The next day my guide accompanied me and we left the road I had taken from Utica to follow the path which runs into the forest. This new road, at first practicable, was soon encumbered with trunks of trees thrown down by the tempests and we had often to crawl in order to advance, bushes and thorns intercepting our way. These obstacles continued to the very banks of the ravine where we heard the distant sound of the falls. The hope of soon arriving at the end of my journey restored my courage and strength; I directed myself toward the elevations of the river and hastened my steps, leaving my guide very far behind me. This inconsiderate haste was almost fatal

to me. In short, I was ignorant that the peasants of the surrounding country, for whom the curiosity of travellers is a source of much profit, had placed along the way from stage to stage, some ladders on the falls. Directed by the increasing murmur of the waters I continued my path, now supporting myself by a jutting rock, and now suspending myself by bending branches. I descended intrepidly when suddenly a shrub, by which I was supporting myself, was torn up by the roots by my weight and rolled into the precipice, dragging me with it. My destruction would have been certain had not a second tree, solidly lodged, fortunately presented itself and held me suspended over the abyss. After being firmly lodged for some seconds in my tree protector, and restored from my fright, I let myself slide on to a large trunk or root, and stopped just as my guide, drawn to me by my cries, came to my rescue and assisted me to a place wholly out of danger. My portfolio, which was lost at the moment of my fall, was found at the foot of the declivity.

“My guide directed me towards the ladders and we arrived soon at a beautiful plateau formed of limestone whose mass of great hardness included numerous imprints of fossils, and where the stone was laid up in such a way as to resemble a vast staircase constructed by Nature at the foot of one of its most beautiful monuments. From this elevated position I drew the lower falls whose waters, turbulent and furious from the moment of their leaping over the rocks,

afterwards flow peacefully through a fertile country and finally mingle with the waters of the Mohawk. On the right bank of the picture I drew is the tree by which I tried to support myself, and which almost dragged me in its fall.

"I climbed up by means of the ladders to visit the series of six cascades which form this stream. All deserve the fixed attention of travellers and lovers of beautiful scenes, now by the pronounced form of the rocks, and again by the abundant variety of vegetation which adorns them, and finally by the striking effects, always new, of the mass of water breaking forth into a thousand ways as it dashes over the openings in the rocks. The left bank of Canada Creek offers masses of rocks in strange form, which sometimes resemble long torsal columns and sometimes turrets and bastions of the ruins of gothic edifices.

* * * * Birds are the only inhabitants of these vast solitudes. I struck down a white heron and I regret that I was unable to capture two large white-headed eagles who, disturbed by the presence of a human creature in the region where they had made their home, were circling about over my head and uttering sharp and piercing cries. * * * My guide had provided food for the day and I was, therefore, able to devote it entirely to my collections of natural objects and to garnishing my portfolio of designs. My researches of every kind were quite fruitful, and I discovered in the rocks some of those curious fossils named trilobites. After a day thus laboriously

employed I regained with pleasure the village of Trenton and returned to Utica the next day, which was to be my point of departure for a new journey."

A FINAL TRIBUTE

I have purposely reserved for the final tribute to the incomparable Mohawk Valley, and the shrine of surpassing natural beauty which has inspired this volume, a particularly pleasing appreciation written by the clever Mrs. Trollope upon her return from Niagara. I can easily forgive all her criticism of our new America because she wrote the following, one June day in 1831: "We reached Utica very late and very weary, but the delights of a good hotel and perfect civility sent us in good humor to bed, and we arose sufficiently refreshed to enjoy a day's journey through some of the loveliest scenery in the world.

"Who is it that says America is not picturesque? I forget; but surely he never travelled from Utica to Albany. I really cannot conceive that any country can furnish a drive of ninety miles more varied in its beauty. The road follows the Mohawk River which flows through scenes waving with plenty, to rocks, hills and woods. Around the Little Falls are scenes of striking beauty. I never saw so sweetly wild a spot! I confess my incapacity for description for passing so dully through this matchless valley of

the Mohawk! I would that some British artist would take my word for it and pass over for a summer pilgrimage through the state of New York. He would do wisely, for I question if the world could furnish within the same space, so many subjects for his pencil; mountains, forests, rocks, lakes, rivers, cataracts, all in perfection. But he must be bold as a lion in coloring, or he will make nothing of it. He must have courage to dip his pencil in shadows as black as night, and light that might blind an eagle.

“As I presume my young artist to be an enthusiast, he must first go to Niagara, or even in the Mohawk Valley his pinioned wing may droop. If his fever run very high he may slake his thirst at Trenton, and while there he will not dream of anything beyond it.”

